

Student Showcase Journal 2000

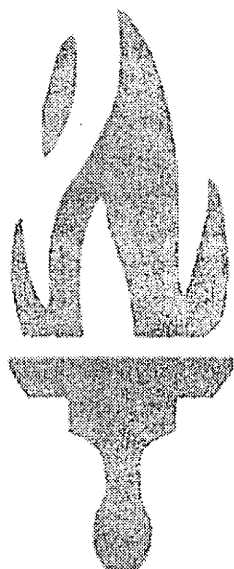


Olympics of the Mind

Volume 16

University of Alaska Anchorage

Student Showcase Journal 2000



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About the Student Showcase Program

The UAA Student Showcase Academic Conference, Award Ceremony, and Journal publication have been in existence for sixteen years. The conference still remains unique in the State of Alaska; only students present original papers and projects. The Student Showcase Committee reviews policies and procedures, promotional materials, and selects the award winners.

Each year Student Showcase creates the opportunity for dialogue among university and community members. Students submit their best work for evaluation by objective faculty members from their discipline; selected works are presented at the conference; and distinguished community members are invited to the conference to evaluate, critique, and comment on the student works. The very best papers and projects are published in the Student Showcase Journal

This past year students from Kodiak, Wasilla, Eagle River, and Anchorage participated at the conference held on April 8, 2000. From the sixty-one entries submitted, forty-five were presented at the conference, and eleven were selected as Showcase award recipients. The award winners attended the Student Showcase Awards Reception, where they were presented with engraved medallions and cash awards. The award recipients were invited to have their work published in the Student Showcase 2000 Journal & CD-ROM.

The UAA Student Showcase Program is designed to highlight the extraordinary work of students throughout the University of Alaska Anchorage system. It is with great pride that we present the Student Showcase Journal for 2000.

Carole L. Lund, Chair
UAA Student Showcase Committee

Selections for the UAA Student Showcase Journal were taken from award winning papers and projects presented at the sixteenth annual Student Showcase Academic Conference held on April 8, 2000. Papers published in the Journal were edited in accordance with the Publication Manual of the American Psychological Association, 4th edition; the MLA Handbook, 4th edition; and the Chicago Manual of Style, 14th edition. The journal was printed at a cost of \$3.75 per copy. The contents of this Journal are available on CD ROM at a cost of \$1.00 per copy.

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You Want Me to Put What in My Body? A Closer Look at Tampons

Tierra Curry

In the hectic pace of life, we, modern humans, tend to do things without really considering what we're doing. The final assignment in my environmental studies class was to choose one aspect of our individual lifestyle and to consider its impacts. Where did it come from? What were the processes involved? What happens when we're finished with it? When I started examining my life in these terms, I realized that I didn't know the environmental implications of the majority of my routines. Certainly, answering these questions for everything Americans own and do would be a lifetime undertaking. I decided to begin my own search in a very intimate realm. I have discovered that by using tampons, a behavior I once considered benign, I have endangered my own health as well as that of my fellow beings.

This paper will explore the life cycle of tampons, the risks of wearing them, available alternatives, and the barriers to the success of alternatives in our society. Over the past twelve years, I have personally introduced around 3000 Tampax tampons and their packaging into the environment. Where did this material come from? How was it harvested? How much waste was generated in the production cycle? For the most part, I was unable to track down the specifics. "I'm sorry, that kind of information isn't available," said Procter and Gamble (P&G) when I called. "Try looking on our web site." But the information wasn't on their web site, and I found it indicative of their attitude that tampons aren't listed under health-care products but under paper products. Trying a different route, I sent a polite e-mail inquiring as a faithful consumer, but was again directed to their web site. Although eager to share

product samples, they weren't very eager to share information. When author Karen Houppert was researching menstruation, she was denied a tour of a Tambrands plant. "I don't know what the hell the big secret is," a worker told her, "unless maybe they don't want you to see all the dust that's flying around" (Pulling 38). Apparently, there isn't even a sign identifying the building. Although the specifics of the tampon production process remain a carefully guarded secret, I did find information about the production of tampons in general, much of it contradictory.

One of the most disputed issues surrounding tampon production and, consequentially, safety, is dioxin. Dioxin is a chemical in the organochlorine family that results from the chlorine bleaching of wood pulp used to make rayon and other paper products. Rayon, not cotton, is the primary ingredient in all major brands of tampons. Sharp battle lines have been drawn around two issues: whether or not dioxin is harmful to human health, and whether or not dioxin is in tampons. According to scientists at the Competitive Enterprise Institute in Washington D.C., dioxin isn't a major health hazard: "Every year the case becomes weaker and weaker that dioxin causes cancer in human beings. Evidence that dioxin causes non-cancerous problems ranges from speculative to non-existent" (Fumento 170). D.C.'s Hudson Institute agrees: "no dramatic health effects have been shown in human studies" (170). Not surprisingly, this is also the position held by the American Forest and Paper Association, Playtex, P&G, and Kimberley-Clark. The Environmental Protection Agency has a different point of view. In 1994 they released a report stating that even low levels of dioxin exposure can cause cancer, affect development, behavior, and reproduction; suppress the immune system; and disrupt regulatory hormones. The International Agency for Cancer Research, the National Academy of Science, and many scientific and environmental groups support the EPA's conclusion.

How can some researchers proclaim dioxin to be "the most toxic chemical on earth," (Colborn 113) while others dismiss it as benign? The answer to this question lies in the nature of the damage caused by dioxin. In some animals, tiny doses of dioxin cause death. In others, nothing appears to happen. Although dioxin proved to be "the most potent carcinogen ever tested" (113) for a number of species, in others it didn't cause cancer, and thus came off as "safe." If researchers are testing a chemical and they are only interested in whether or not it caus-

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es cancer, they can miss its other effects. These effects can be even harder to detect because of the lag time between exposure and obvious damage, which can be years. Rhesus monkeys, for example, spontaneously develop endometriosis ten years after their first exposure to dioxin (181). Furthermore, dioxins accumulate in body fat and are passed up food webs and across generations. When the nature of the damage caused by dioxin is considered, it becomes impossible to credibly dismiss it as benign.

Having established that dioxin is not something we want to intentionally put into our bodies, we need to know whether or not dioxin is in tampons. This too is controversial. Initially, tampon manufacturers informed the Food and Drug Administration that their products potentially contained dioxin. A 1992 Congressional subcommittee found internal FDA memos stating that the risk of dioxin in tampons can be "quite high" and that tampons held "the most significant risks" of any product (Houppert, Curse 19). The FDA, however, never actually tested tampons for dioxin content, and based their final report on information supplied by the industry (19). Because the industry switched from bleaching with elemental chlorine to bleaching with chlorine dioxide, they say the risk of dioxin has been eliminated. Independent researchers disagree and say that dioxins are still generated (wildrockies.org). The FDA currently reports that trace levels of dioxins may still be in tampons, but not in levels high enough to pose health risks (fda.gov). The Environmental Protection Agency, however, maintains that the actual level of dioxin is irrelevant because the effects are cumulative and danger comes from repeated contact (Pulling 3). Women wear thousands of tampons in their lifetimes in one of the most absorbent parts of the body. To me this qualifies as repeated contact.

Outside of the United States, the dioxin issue is less debatable. Thirty-four nations have agreed to entirely eliminate organochlorine emissions (Conspiracy 2). European scientists and consumers successfully pressured industries to switch to totally chlorine-free bleaching processes, a step U. S. industry is reluctant to take. The dangers of dioxin are less contested abroad as well. The Canada Centre for Inland Waters reports that organochlorines "have impaired or are impairing the health of natural populations of fish, reptiles, birds, and other mammals" (Armstrong 14). If we took the rayon out of tampons, we wouldn't have to worry about their dioxin content. And, at least according to

some sources, we wouldn't have to worry about Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS) either, another issue surrounded by controversy.

Let's take a brief look at the history of TSS. Toxic Shock Syndrome was first detected in 1979. TSS is caused by staphylococcus bacteria, which is naturally present in the vagina in non-toxic amounts. The growth of this bacteria is influenced by magnesium levels. Tampons can absorb magnesium and create a deficient environment that promotes the growth of toxins (Sapolsky 156). All sides agree that the more absorbent the tampon, the greater the risk. In 1980, when TSS was a major news headline, P&G voluntarily recalled their Relyâ tampons; they were made of superabsorbent synthetic materials, associated with more TSS cases than any other brand. The industry claimed that all super tampons were reformulated in 1985 to make them safer, but withheld the details (156). The number of actual TSS cases is sharply disputed and varies greatly depending on whom you ask, ranging from 20,000 to 120,000 cases between 1985 and 1994 (Conspiracy 7). The role of rayon is also disputed.

The FDA says, "U.S. tampons, made with rayon, do not appear to have a higher risk of TSS than cotton tampons of similar absorbency" (fda.gov). Independent tests, however, conducted at the New York University Medical Center, revealed that all-cotton tampons promoted no staphylococcus growth, but rayon amplified its production (Houppert, Pulling 41). The industry typically shifts the blame for TSS onto the user, claiming a lower absorbency should have been used or the tampon should have been changed more often (Conspiracy 6). Women have used tampons ranging from such materials as Egyptian papyrus to Native-American moss, but TSS didn't come into being until the introduction of superabsorbent synthetic materials (Sapolsky 145). It's difficult to believe that this is mere coincidence. Taking rayon out of tampons would be a great first step in making them safer. A 1994 lawsuit by Kansas TSS victims led to the removal of one type of rayon, polyacrylate, but viscose rayon remains.

After phasing out rayon, a second step towards tampon safety would be to eliminate the biocides used to grow traditional cotton. A single annual U.S. cotton crop can utilize 34 million pounds of herbicides and insecticides, and little research has been done on whether or not they remain in the finished fiber (Holmes 54). As with dioxin, the FDA maintains that they aren't present in tampons in significant levels.

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How can the FDA's claims concerning tampon safety differ from independent research? Under FDA guidelines, tampons are not quality tested if they are "substantially equivalent in safety and effectiveness" to their predecessors, and no tampon has ever been deemed "nonequivalent" (52). Since 1996 New York Congressional Representative Carolyn Maloney has tried to introduce The Tampon Safety and Research Act, calling for testing and research, but the bill still hasn't made it onto the floor. Until tampons are tested, women have only the word of the industry that their products are safe. The evidence increasingly suggests that this word is not enough.

The debate on the safety of tampons will continue until the truth about their content is made public. Under current U.S. law, products such as shampoos and lotions have mandatory ingredient lists, but tampons do not. Some tampon manufacturers voluntarily list ingredients, but there's no guarantee these lists are comprehensive (Dadd 191). "There are a whole lot of other things in there," says Lillian Yin of the FDA (Holmes 50). A 1981 study found that boron, aluminum, copper, waxes, surfactants, alcohols, acids, nitrogen compounds, and hydrocarbons could all be leached from tampons (51). I went to Wal-Mart and spent half an hour in the tampon aisle (among many curious glances) dutifully scribbling down all listed ingredients. All of them had rayon bodies. Some noted: "May contain cotton." There was also polysorbate-20, polyethylene, polyester, and polypropylene. All of these are plastics, which, not surprisingly, aren't the best things to put inside your body: "All plastics present a problem due to outgassing-the constant release of sometimes undetectable fumes, especially when heated" (Dadd 305). Polyester releases the most fumes and polyethylene is a suspected carcinogen. Deodorant tampons are even scarier; some are scented with formaldehyde, a suspected carcinogen (190). "Fragrance on a label can indicate the presence of up to four thousand separate ingredients. Most or all of them are synthetic and can cause all types of central nervous symptoms" (303).

Having explored the production process of tampons and the implications of wearing them, let's now consider what happens to them after their six hours of glory. Plastic applicators are, environmentally speaking, worse than cardboard ones, but cardboard isn't off the hook either. "Biodegradability is irrelevant once the applicators are in a landfill, because what goes in—stays there," says Consumer Reports (Tampons

51). My first thought, that cardboard dissolved if flushed, was wrong too, as it's just a more circuitous route to the landfill. "Tampons never belong down the toilet," says NYC's Department of Environmental Protection. "At best, they'll wear out sewage machinery as they're caught and sent to a landfill. At worst, they'll be flushed straight into waterways" (Holmes 54). Many cities, including Anchorage, have outdated and overloaded sewage treatment systems, and when it storms, raw sewage can be spilled into the sea. According to the Earth Island Journal, rayon and cellulose take months to biodegrade in seawater, and plastic applicators last "virtually forever" (Flush 3). Plastic tampon applicators from Florida can ride ocean currents all the way to Nova Scotia (Armstrong 12). New Jersey's Clean Ocean Action says they can estimate rainfall by the number of applicators that have washed up on the beach—sometimes one per yard (Holmes 53). When pressured by environmentalists to eliminate plastic applicators, the industry refused and briefly considered using a heavier plastic so they would sink (53). Like dioxins, plastics negatively impact wildlife. At least fifty species of seabirds swallow floating plastic, mistaking it for food. Fish, turtles, whales, and other marine mammals also swallow plastic. Ingesting or becoming entangled in plastic kills an estimated two million seabirds and one-hundred thousand marine mammals annually (Armstrong 12).

It's clear that tampons cause pollution, both in production and disposal, but are enough of them used for this to qualify as significant? Most women experience menarche between the ages of 9 and 18 (Rue 20). In 1996 there were 78,235,000 U.S. women between the ages of 10 and 49 (Statistical Abstract 15). Let's round that off to 80 million for mathematical ease and as four years have since passed. Seventy percent of American women use tampons (Houppert, Curse 42). That's 56 million current tampon wearers. Ninety percent of us use tampons with applicators, at least thirty-five percent of which are plastic (Neff 24). That's 50.4 million applicator-using women: 33 million cardboard-applicator users and 18 million plastic-applicator users. The average woman uses 11,400 tampons in her lifetime (Houppert, Curse 22). If choices remain constant, that's over 638 billion tampon bodies and wrappers, 376 billion cardboard applicators, 205 billion plastic applicators, and who knows how many boxes that will enter the environment in our lifetime. Keep in mind that these figures don't include the solid waste and toxic byproducts of production.

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Is this significant environmentally? It's probably not all that important when compared to the waste generated by disposable diapers or fast food restaurants. Tampon production certainly accounts for only a small portion of all the rayon, cotton, cardboard, and plastic produced annually in the United States. But it's important from the perspective that everything is important and all forms of waste and pollution that can be avoided should be. It seems like a lot of fuss over what amounts to two ounces of blood per woman per month that puts \$2 billion dollars a year into the pockets of fat-cat, male-run corporations. I'm not just picking on men; the major menstrual product companies—P&G, Kimberley-Clark, and Johnson and Johnson, have only one woman in upper management (Armstrong 10). Women spend \$650 million per year just on tampons, and corporations pocket around \$1.21 per box (Houppert, Curse 6). In my opinion, this is an industry that we could live without.

This brings us to the question, are conventional menstrual products necessary? I've come to think of them like paper plates or plastic silverware. Most people wouldn't ordinarily use disposable dishes, but sometimes they come in handy. The industry has led us to believe that we have a greater need for them than we actually do. The domestic menstrual products industry has been growing much faster than the actual customer base (Armstrong 11). They, like most companies, have successfully led us to believe that our "needs" are greater than they really are.

What are the alternatives? There are actually more than I expected. First, U.S. women could do what women worldwide still do and return to reusable cloth menstrual pads. For women, like myself, who don't want to make their own, these pads are now marketed by many companies, including Glad Rags and Luna Padsâ. They are inexpensive, come in many shapes and colors, and pose no significant health risks. Environmentally speaking, they are the safest and most sustainable menstrual alternative. Thinking of giving them as gifts, I asked my female friends and my older sisters if they would be willing to try them. Across the board I heard, "Yuck!" "That's disgusting!" and, "Why do you think they invented disposable ones?" Realistically, their comments probably reflect the attitudes of most women, and no doubt bring smiles to corporate faces and bottom lines. One juvenile book I researched began the section on hygiene with, "How much luckier we are today than our grandmothers were! They had to use cloths to absorb menstrual blood

and had to wash them out between wearings” (Marzollo 40). Industry has successfully led us to believe that our periods are terribly burdensome and we need their products to “protect” us from inconvenience and embarrassment, but we’ll explore industry propaganda in the next section. Certainly one of the barriers to the acceptance of reusable pads would be a cultural paradigm shift away from the notion that menstrual blood is disgusting, not just by women who haven’t made peace with their own effluent, but also by the men with whom they share bathroom sinks. Although this is a sustainable alternative, I wouldn’t want to wear pads all the time.

Between the concept of pad and tampon, there’s a new product called InSync. InSync is worn between the labia, so it’s not exactly external or internal. It’s made of rayon and polypropylene, so like other commercial pads, it’s not a sustainable alternative, but it is an indication that someone is thinking out of the box. The best thing about InSync is that it’s revolutionizing the asinine realm of secretive, vague, manipulative menstrual advertising. InSync boxes are earth-toned instead of pink or baby blue; they are the only product with the word “menstrual” on the box, and their ads aren’t trying to convince women that they are smelly, unclean, and should fall over dead if anyone finds out they’re bleeding. Their ads read: “Every month you have a period. You do not have a problem or an illness. You do not need to be protected from it. It is not something that needs to be covered up, danced around, or deodorized. It happens because it needs to. It’s that simple” (Houppert, Curse 226). This approach contrasts sharply to the old Kotexâ ad, “Many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others,” (Houppert, Pulling 37) or the Tampax slogan, “It’s the wrong time of the month,” (Delaney 113) or Tambrands’ incredulous mission statement, “If it isn’t broke, fix it anyway” (Houppert, Curse 37). InSync’s honest approach to women’s bodies could open the doors of exploration for other products.

For women who love tampons, the most sustainable choice is organic cotton applicatorless tampons which require far less packaging and generate less pollution and waste from beginning to end, such as Natracareâ, Terra Femmeâ, and Organic Essentialsâ. These companies are owned by women, and if you call Natracare, Susan, the owner, will be happy to tell you that her cotton is grown in Texas and Turkey. Although these products generate some waste, they are by far the

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healthiest tampon alternative for women, including Mother Earth. Applicatorless tampons aren't as convenient as their counterparts, but they're not all that inconvenient either. I think one of the reasons that only ten percent of women currently use them is because we still haven't owned our bodies to the extent that we should, which is a definite prerequisite for the success of other alternatives, like menstrual cups.

Insteadâ is a disposable plastic menstrual cup, bringing up the paper versus plastic debate. The good news is that Instead can be worn twice as long as tampons, so women will use fewer of them. The bad news is that Instead is made of kryton, polyethylene, and mineral oil. I couldn't find out exactly what kryton is, but it doesn't sound like something I'd want to put in my vagina. When it was released in the Northwest, Instead captured four percent of the market (Reingold 67). The best thing about Instead is that if women are willing to try it, they might be willing to make the switch to the reusable cup, The Keeper. The Keeperâ is made of natural gum rubber, costs \$35, and is designed to provide ten years of service. Their web site doesn't provide a phone number, and they didn't return my e-mails inquiring where and how the rubber is tapped. Potentially, we could save sections of the rainforest by harvesting rubber to support local communities, and not slaying trees to make rayon and packaging. The Keeper won an environmental award, and was worn by the participants in the Biosphere II project. The Keeper is less of a hassle than traditional tampons because you put it in the morning and don't have to think about your period again for twelve hours. Because it's non-absorbent, the risk of toxic shock is reduced. The Keeper's predecessor was a cup called Tassawayâ back in the sixties, but with a product life of ten years and a limited market, staying in business could be challenging. Abroad, women in China use The Menses Cupâ, made of silicone rubber, which has a plug that can be opened without removal to empty fluid (Cheng 33). Australians use a product called Gynasealâ, which doubles as a contraceptive and can be worn for 24 hours (Holmes 53).

The only other alternatives I found information on are sea sponges and menstrual extraction. Sea sponges can be purchased at health food stores. They are reusable, but have to be boiled before and between uses because they might harbor bacteria, fungi, or ocean sand. In 1980, the FDA prohibited companies from marketing sponges for menstrual use because of the fear that women might rinse them in public sinks

(Holmes 53). This could potentially be a problem for The Keeper. If it ever came into wide use, I have a feeling that big business would sponsor research on the dangers of The Keeper and pressure the FDA to squelch it, subjecting it to the same fate as menstrual extraction. A 1976 book exclaims, "Menstrual extraction is by far the most exciting discovery of the women's health movement" (Delaney 34). The process, declared safe by doctors, was fairly simple involving only a tube, a collection bottle, and a syringe, and could be performed in a few minutes at home. Industry opposition to the process came swiftly and the 1976 author advised readers to keep an eye on the process, as it "demonstrates contemporary menstrual politics at work" (164).

I, for one, am determined to switch entirely to The Keeper, Glad Rags, and other sustainable alternatives. I think three closely related things will have to happen for women to be willing to join me: we need to face down the industry, we need more openness about and acceptance of the menstrual cycle, and we need to alter our current system of menstrual education.

The menstrual products industry is very powerful; they spend close to \$200 million annually on advertisements (Neff 24). The problem isn't that they're advertising, but the way they're doing it: "A ludicrous, infuriating coyness has haunted the genre forever. The language has historically been so elliptical as to suggest that menstruation is some dirty little secret that dare not speak its name. There is no reason for a perfectly legal bodily function to be whispered about as if it were a felony, a sin, or a moral weakness" (Garfield 41). In the early seventies when the ban on TV advertising of menstrual products was being contested, Johnson & Johnson fought to keep it, saying the products were too personal (Delaney 116). Kotex brags, "Not once in any advertisement have we ever described Kotex as a sanitary napkin" (Conspiracy 1).

The industry's propaganda affects the way women, especially young women, come to think about their periods. And the propaganda is, by and large, negative in tone and focused on avoiding embarrassment. "The very blood that feeds the continuation of the human species is invisible and irrelevant if properly hidden, or shameful and unclean if not" (qtd. in Grahn i). All the hoopla about what is, in fact, just a natural cycle, can be psychologically damaging: "These projections are debilitating because they distort our reality. They color our perceptions and inform our behavior" (Houppert, Curse 39). I don't think the industry

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is entirely responsible for the silence and self-consciousness surrounding menstruation, but I don't think they're guilt-free either. Does the industry foster women's embarrassment or merely respond to women's wishes to keep it a private matter? Either way it's a feedback loop in which the industry acts in their own best interest and women complicitly accept their products.

Our society is no longer squeamish about sex, violence, or much of anything, yet menstruation remains an "off-limits" topic. This cultural silence blocks women's access to information not just on product safety but also on possible alternatives. Research shows that women are "intensely curious about anything that could make feminine hygiene less burdensome" (Sander 12). An Idaho television station ran a three-minute question and answer section about *Instead* and received sixty phone calls from women seeking more information. Interestingly, many stations refused to run a segment on *Instead* saying it was "inappropriate" and "might repel viewers" (12). The president of the company hired to market *Instead* said, "I have pitched dozens of new products and health-care stories over the past ten years, including breast and penile implants and impotence. Pitching *Instead* was the most challenging topic I've dealt with, especially with the broadcast media" (12).

Women need to collectively oppose the misconceptions surrounding the menstrual cycle. The results of a 1981 survey concerning menstruation are pathetically amusing. Thirty-five percent of respondents thought being on her period affected a woman's ability to think! Fifty percent thought she shouldn't have sex. Two-thirds thought she should never mention it in office or social situations. Twenty-seven percent thought women looked different. Eight percent of the people surveyed thought a woman should make an effort to stay away from other people while on her period! Thirty-one percent of the women didn't know what their period was when it started, and forty-three percent had a negative response to their first period (Houppert, *Curse* 7).

One of the biggest barriers to menstrual acceptance is that our culture strangely links menstruation with morality. When tampons were launched in the United States, Catholic priests denounced them in print as "an engine of contraception, masturbation, or defloration" (117). My own mother told my oldest sister that nice girls didn't use tampons. "You would think tampons had sprung full-blown from the forehead of Jack the Ripper," exclaims author Karen Houppert (117). One of the

juvenile menarche books I researched cautioned, "Some parents might have strong feelings about girls using tampons and this might be a touchy subject" (Thomson 61). With this much opposition to tampons, I wonder how accepting people will be about devices like The Keeper, which have to be positioned strategically?

Misinformation about menstruation is as old as womankind. The Old Testament says women are unclean during their period and they shouldn't touch their husbands or they should both be cut off from society until they undergo purification (Leviticus 15:19, 20:18). Natives of the Aleutians wouldn't let women near the water for fear they'd spoil the fishing (Nourse 19). In Persia menstruation was thought to be caused by demon possession; in East Africa anything a woman touched was considered poisonous; and in Australia a woman had to warn passers-by to avoid contaminating them (Mahoney 5). An anthropologist working in New Guinea reported that a tribesman murdered his wife for sleeping on his blanket while menstruating (Delaney 6). Yukon natives thought contact with menstrual blood was a threat to virility (7). Polynesian tribesmen thought that a single drop could kill them (Grahn 5). The Roman Pliny wrote in his Natural History, "Contact with it turns new wine sour, crops become barren, seeds dry up, fruit falls off trees, bee hives die, bronze and iron rust; it drives dogs mad and infects their bites with an incurable poison, even the ant is said to be sensitive to it" (Delaney 8 sic). In some cultures menstrual blood provoked envy. In Africa and Australia, teenage boys and hunting men underwent rites of passage where their genitals were slashed to produce the magical blood (Knight 41). Across cultures, women were isolated in menstrual huts for weeks, months, or years. Some sources say this separation was a voluntary tea party, others that it was forced confinement, still others that it was the pragmatic result of men dividing their time between hunting and copulation.

These ideas may seem pretty strange, but they form the basis of the attitudes we've inherited. One of the juvenile books I read conjectured that we no longer need to be locked into menstrual huts, because we do it to ourselves psychologically (Madaras 9). Although most superstitions about menstrual blood have faded, negative attitudes remain, and we pass them on generation after generation. "Once my mother asked my father right in front of me to drive to the store for pads. I ran upstairs and burst into tears, I was so embarrassed," a teenager told one author

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(Marzollo 86). We need more openness. Our culture needs to stop bickering over sex education and provide all girls with accurate and unapologetic information about the human body. Research indicates that many girls are afraid to use tampons, because they're afraid they'll get lost in their bodies, or that they'll put them in the wrong place. One girl wrote, "I didn't really know where my vagina was, so I didn't know where the tampon went" (Thomson 62). Most daughters don't get enough information, if any, from their mothers, and our educational system doesn't fill in the gaps. Only one of the six books for girls available at the public library suggested something other than pads or tampons for menstrual flow, and only one of them defined a tampon as something other than a tube of cotton, when, in actuality, no commercial tampons are actually cotton. Almost all of them had the addresses of the major manufacturers in the back so they could write for more information.

Tampax spends millions of dollars sending educational representatives into schools, where they reach twenty percent of the nation's 13-year-old girls (Houppert, Pulling 37). "One fundamental truth drives our business. The consumer we attract today will likely stay with us for all the years of her menstrual cycle," states Tambrands' CEO (Houppert, Curse 41). He's right. Menstrual products are bought, not sold; people go into the store knowing what they want (Machan 87). Every single friend or acquaintance I accosted for information is loyal to one brand, as I was. I initially chose Tampax because my older sister used them. And I stayed with them until I began this research paper. Studies show that most girls choose the brand their mother chose. Studies also show that tampon users are more likely than pad users to know what their friends are using (Lamb 156). I'm tempted to establish a prudishness scale with pad users at the bottom and applicatorless products at the top. In Europe, Tampax and Kotex both sell applicatorless versions which aren't available here (Machan 87). Are Europeans less prudish? I think so. They're also more likely to organize and protest against the industry. "Here in the U.S., the code of silence surrounding menstruation has left consumers with little information and less clout" (Houppert, Pulling 34).

So what attitude should our culture strive to adopt? One ancient symbol for menstruation was two frogs sitting back to back, holding a moon between them. Perhaps we should tatoo this on all pubescent girls to let them know it's OK to bleed. Or maybe we should just provide them with accurate non-industry sponsored information, honor their

menarche in some fashion, and help them accept their entrance into womanhood as a natural and normal cycle. Maybe even help them embrace their periods as a positive experience. "Women could find menstruation empowering. Cultural liberation ought to give women the chance to validate and derive social pride, status, and power from uniquely female experiences such as birth and menstruation" (Knight 36). I'm not saying that everyone should become a "Celebrate-Your-Cycle" feminist and throw a bleed-in party in their moonlodge. But we should work to reduce our cultural anxiety about the whole process and demand products that are healthy for us and for our planet.

As human population continues along its exponential growth curve, it becomes increasingly important for individuals to undergo deliberate lifestyle considerations. Small consumption patterns add up, eroding away at the ecosystems upon which life on earth depends. Conventional tampons put women at risk of contracting toxic shock syndrome, and expose our bodies to dioxins, pesticides, plastics, and other unlisted ingredients. At worst, these chemicals can lead to cancer and endocrine disruption. At best, they accumulate in our body fat and are passed on to our offspring. Natural habitat is destroyed as forests are decimated for production materials. Wild species are exposed to dioxins and other byproducts spewing into our waterways. Wildlife are further threatened when tampons bypass sewage treatment equipment and end up in the environment. Sustainable alternatives to tampons and traditional pads are becoming increasingly available, including organic cotton tampons, sea sponges, reusable cotton pads, and menstrual cups. We need to overcome our cultural squeamishness concerning menstruation and to reject both industry products and propaganda for the sake of our physical and psychological well-being. Ideally, women will come to see their periods not as a nuisance, but as a connection with a vast and time less cycle. Perhaps Ani Difranco put it best:

Every woman learns how to bleed from the moon
And we bleed to renew life every time it's cut down . . .
I say it ain't no hassle, no, it ain't no mess
Right now it's the only power that I possess
These businessmen got the money
They got the instruments of death
But I can make life, I can make breath.

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Away We Go

Lisa Polito

Polka: A vigorous social dance in 2/4 time.

A turning couple dance generally characterized by three quick steps and a hop, and by a heel-and-toe step.

No more polka. With Kodiak's black sand still rough and gritty between my toes, I dropped to the couch, dazed, listening. In the driveway, corrosive saltwater dripped from the kayaks onto the cab of our Ford truck. My husband unfastened the boats while waiting for me to return and help him unload. Patiently, he rinsed the saltwater damp from spray skirts and life vests, sprayed sand from the tread of neoprene booties, and was certain I would return in a matter of minutes. But I just sat on the couch, listening to the insistent exuberance of the something-or-other polka, feeling traitorous and thinking about what I had done.

I turn on the radio every time I walk in the door—it's automatic. In a television-free household, radio is king, and the radio is invariably tuned to the local public station. Returning from kayaking that day, I sat on the couch, ankles itchy with an evaporated lace of salt. I listened to the final broadcast of the Polka Party, ignoring the itch as penance. I could have volunteered for that board shift earlier in the day, when Mike called hoping I would help him with the hard-to-staff Saturday afternoon shift. I could have phoned the station right then, as soon as I heard Mike's announcement. "Just so everybody knows," he said, "this is going to be the last Polka Party."

Radio transmission has a way of distilling the voice to its essence; Mike's was heavy with exhaustion, tinged with regret and relief. "I know there's people out there listening," he went on, "but I can't seem to get anybody in here to volunteer for the shift. Unless somebody calls in and is willing to host the show every week, this is it. So if you want to keep hearing polka, give me a call before the hour is up."

Mike had, in frustration, said as much to me on the phone, but somehow I hadn't believed him. The Polka Party audience was, for the most part, elderly and living out in Kodiak's villages—Ouzinkie, Karluk, Port Lions, Old Harbor, Larsen Bay, Ahkiok. He and I both knew no senior from Karluk was going to make the hour flight to town to volunteer for the shift; nobody from Ouzinkie was going to pound their way over the waves in a skiff to play an hour's worth of polka music. For the half-dozen years I had been an on-air volunteer, Polka Party had been the problem child of the volunteer coordinator—both Mike and his predecessor. Some folks were willing to give up their Saturday afternoons to volunteer at the radio station. Some folks were willing to pick out waltzes, two-steps and polkas for the show. No one, it seemed, was willing to do both.

I was one of the no ones. One of the many radio volunteers unwilling to both give up my Saturday afternoons and play polka music. I volunteered regularly: inflating purple and green balloons with helium for the Mardi Gras fundraiser; baking, slicing and selling pizza from the plywood confines of the Crab Festival booth; playing rock music until midnight or classical at dawn; and sitting through overlong hours of advisory board meetings. Advisory board meetings where the problems of staffing the Polka Party were regularly belabored and the fate of the show debated. Except for the very young coast guardsmen—who proposed an all-ska/all-day programming format—no one was willing to kill the Polka Party. Even the died-in-the-wool classical fans on the board weren't willing to do away with the show. No one wanted to be responsible for killing the show. But no one wanted to be responsible for saving it, either. Not even me. Not even though the Polka Party had been the one familiar thing my first winter in Kodiak, the one reminder of Kit and Dave.

How can I explain these parents of mine who are not my parents? The delicate interplay of events that led them to me, me to them, can never be catalogued and sequenced to a conclusion as concrete as biology. There were, of course, the basic circumstances: my mother's frail health when I was born; relatives either otherwise occupied or reluctant to care for the infant me; and Kit and Dave's willing fosterage of a six-week old baby. Strange that, as neighbors to my parents for less than a year, Kit and Dave felt compelled to take me into their home, to make the several daily trips to the hospital for expressed breast milk. Dave, half asleep and propped against the head board, rocked me through two week's worth of dark nights that December. Eight months later and my mother ill again, they took me for the second time. Days and hours spent with them accumulated, the time becoming so tangled that, before I turned two and my parents divorced, when I cried it wasn't for my mother. I'm not sure how, as parents, mine reconciled themselves to the fact that I had imprinted on other people, that I was crying for Kit and Dave. I'm not sure if Kit and Dave knew what they had gotten themselves into.

Once I learned the word, it took months for them to make me stop calling Kit "Mama." In Kit and Dave's house I took my first steps at the foot of the stairs. Stairs where I later said my first word—"penny," which I found on a step. Kit taught me to sit at table, just as she had learned as a girl in Australia, so that unlike anyone else in my family, I hold my fork in my left hand and wield my knife with my right, using the two utensils in concert. After meals there was strong, dark tea, mine with milk and sugar, and, if I was lucky, my favorite treat—a bit of damper (a simple soda bread) steamy fresh from the oven with Lyle's Golden Syrup (cane syrup) drizzled like molten amber on each flour-white slice.

A handful of times Kit had to swat my rump, but no punishment was more severe than her displeasure; a stern countenance was far more painful than any form of corporal discipline. In my toddler-eye memory of Kit's kitchen, the pale yellow Formica gleams against the maple cabinets, table and chairs crowd and cower against the wall, dust and a little flour swarm in the low-angle of sunlight through the sliding glass door, in my hand a red plastic one-cup measure, and Kit, all five-feet and a spare pair of inches of her, towers over me, her warm, brown eyes rigid and a little hurt with disappointment. I don't remember what, as a

three-year-old, I did to elicit such a look, but the memory still fills me with regret and a sense of longing to right the wrong.

In landscaping their newly built home, Dave planted a row of pyracantha, intending a hedge in lieu of a fence to separate their front yard from my mother's. Supposedly, I began transiting the two yards—from front door to front door some sixty-odd feet—when I was first able to crawl. The crawling story seems doubtful, but with certainty the path was well-worn before I started kindergarten, when the bushes of glossy, green leaves and I were about the same height. The poor hedge never stood a chance.

From straight on, say from across the street, it looked perfectly normal—a hedge between two houses. The gap was virtually invisible, except from the side. From either yard the gap was obvious, an invitation—red rover, red rover send Lisa right over. It seemed enormously wide when I was a child, but the space was probably no more than a couple feet wide. Enough to allow entry, easy access to the Spivaks' yard. The trail through the prickly Bermuda grass—Arizona's sorry excuse for lawn—ran past the bed of violets and gardenia bush growing in the shadow of my mother's bedroom window, through the hole in the hedge of pyracantha; a sharp turn then, past the faded blue Volkswagen Bug, twisting around the yellow Rambler in the carport, rounding the pale-pink brick at the corner, into the patio shade that protected the sliding glass door of Kit's kitchen. A door never locked to me, day or night. A door that I entered freely, as if it opened into my own house.

When I napped in the cool comfort of their daylight basement, Dave played records for me. Probably, he played them because I struggled against nap time—afraid I might miss something, afraid of being alone. Mostly he chose classical, with a propensity for piano, but now and again a Broadway show or movie soundtrack slipped in. Light from the ground-level window, high overhead, brightened the ceiling and upper corners of the room. I lay on the twin bed, sucking my thumb and picturing the wordless stories of the music against the white stipple of the ceiling. The moody, shadowed strains of the Moonlight Sonata ushered me toward dreaming. Or maybe a few Strauss waltzes whirled me away to the oblivion of slumber. Music—my companion, my guardian, the surrogate for my surrogates.

I came to Kodiak just for a visit, just for a week. A brief change of scene after a divorce. I can't explain, exactly, why I stayed. Except to say that, for the first time since I was a child, I felt I was where I belonged, where I was supposed be. I felt I was at home. Still, I was lonely that first winter, calling Kit and Dave every Saturday to tell about watching the wind roll a dumpster down the road. Or to tell of the icicles, thick and curved as elephant tusks, hanging from the roof of my house. Calling every Saturday to hear them tell about the baby quail in the back yard, following their mama in a whiplash trail when she scurried for the nest behind the shed, her crest bobbing frantically. Or to hear which lady in the volunteer kitchen at Polish Club bingo was the bossiest cow that week.

I can't recall when Kit and Dave started dancing at the Polish Club. From the days before the Polish Club hall was built half a mile down the road, I have a few vague memories of Kit and Dave driving across town to the dances held by other clubs—the German Club, the Italian-American Club, the Lithuanians. Dressed for Saturday night dances—that's how I always imagine Kit and Dave as a couple. I carry more everyday images of them as individuals: Dave tending his roses and humming along to the opera that threaded its way to his right ear from a pocket transistor radio, a woven hat covering his thinning hair, the brim shading his face and the dark-green lenses of sunglasses; Kit sitting by the floor to ceiling window in the dining room—the last spot in the house deserted by afternoon sun—supper ready, pretending patience, but singing "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" and wringing her hands while waiting for Dave to come up the front walk with the black, high-dome of his lunch box bouncing emptily against his knee. These are the pictures of each alone, but when I picture Kit and Dave together, I see them dressed for a Saturday night dance at the Polish Club; a hint of lipstick brightens Kit's smile; Dave's ice-blue eyes shine and his pale, wispy hair is slicked into submission; Kit's white blouse is trimmed at neck and sleeve with the same bold, orangey-red material of her skirt, which coordinates perfectly with the red of Dave's tie.

In letters, all that first summer, I described Kodiak to Kit and Dave—the dense vegetation a meditation on green; cool and humid days that relieved my lifelong desert-dread of summer; ferocious winds that blew autumn rain sideways. On the phone that first winter, I told them about my life in Kodiak—my job at the accounting office; Bill, the new

friend I had met at work; the radio station which played polka every Saturday afternoon. I told them how the polka music made me think about them going to a dance.

What I didn't tell them was that I felt quietly guilty living so far away from them. That the Saturday afternoon polka music maintained the illusion of their constancy. That the music made me imagine Kit's red plaid skirt laid out on the bed next to Dave's red vest, Kit's bright white blouse—ready and pressed since morning—with a bit of dark green at the collar to match Dave's suit jacket, lying alongside. I didn't tell them that, while the music comforted me, it also whittled a little hollow in my heart—a little hole where my loneliness for them fed. I didn't tell them that sometimes, at 28, I still cried for wanting them.

I remember the box step best. Probably, because I learned it first. Or maybe because it was the easiest. My left hand rested on Dave's elbow, fingers not quite reaching the pale blue hem of his short sleeve. His left arm dipped down to take my right hand, which I held up high; his hands were always impeccably clean and smelling of Pear's soap. My steps were the graceless, determined clomping of a six-year-old—back-and, over, over, up-and, over, over. I stared at the brown on beige branch pattern of the carpet, imagining the line of the box my steps should trace. In the rapt concentration of working my feet, I had no time to look up, to see Dave smiling with amusement. I managed to pick up the waltz; something in the romantic gliding steps appealed to me. However, I never polkaed well, always wanting to break from the quick control of the heel-toe step into a skipping gallop. My favorite part of the lesson was the demonstration—the sharp steps, the crisp hops, and smooth turns. Heel, toe and away we go. Kit and Dave's dancing as sure, perfect and wondrous to me as a mechanized toy.

A couple years later, nearly bursting with excitement, I danced with Dave at a neighbor's wedding. No longer that little girl with the slippery soles of her patent leather shoes balanced on top of Dave's oxfords, her hands, marionette-fashion, high overhead. No more shoe top dancing for me. It was a waltz and I was giddy as Dave escorted me to the dance floor. As we are all so wont to believe at moments of great joy or great despair, I felt I was the center of the universe; the dim, party-lit world of the ballroom whirled around me in flashes I glimpsed through the crook of Dave's arm, or over my shoulder as I turned my

Rocketry

Toby Sullivan

In 1969, the year I was fourteen, I spent the summer picking tobacco on a farm a mile from my house. It was the first job I ever had, and I walked proudly down the road to the farm on the Monday after the last day of school in June. I went with two buddies, also recently turned fourteen, and a group of other older teenagers for whom this was an annual event. We have been talking about getting this job for weeks, talked about the money we would make, how we would save it, and buy cars for when we could drive in two years. We worried that for some reason we would not be hired. The fact that having two arms and two legs was the only criteria for employment in the tobacco industry somehow did not seem to weigh as much as certain imagined intangibles that might arbitrarily bar us from the world of work, of which we knew nothing. There was also concern that the plants had not grown enough for picking, and I seem to remember walking down to the farm and talking to the boss a time or two after school let out, before being told to show up ready to work the following day. Eventually, the day arrived when I made a sandwich lunch the night before, put a can of soda in the freezer as instructed by older experienced friends, so it would be melted, but still cold, at noon on the following day, and went to bed with the alarm set for six o'clock the next morning.

In Connecticut, where I grew up, the labor laws were such that jobs washing dishes at Howard Johnson's on I-84 or working in a pizza

parlor on Route 5 mandated being at least sixteen years old. Farm workers only had to be fourteen. Every summer through my high school years, even after I was old enough to get a job inside somewhere out of the sun, wearing a white apron and a paper hat, I "worked on tobacco." It was hot, hard, dirty work, but the pay was good, \$1.10 an hour in 1969, and there turned out to be a certain animal pleasure in working physically, and being paid for it, that I enjoyed. Certainly, I had never felt anything like that when my dad would hound me into mowing the lawn for free on Saturday mornings. And my friends and I found that we commanded a certain respect that we had not felt before, from the adults in the neighborhood, from the kids who were still too young to go, from the older kids who had picked tobacco before.

We would walk home in the late afternoons, filthy dirty and exhausted, but cocky and full of ourselves, and on Fridays carrying checks in our pockets from the Consolidated Cigar Corporation with the dollar amounts stamped in blue, the cents in red. My brother, two years younger, and never an aficionado of that kind of work, would sneer "nice looking shirt, did you roll a bum?" when I walked into the kitchen wearing the dirt from the field on my sleeves, but we both knew he thought it was pretty cool to be working. And once that summer, after he had read "Huckleberry Finn," he greeted me with his version of the part where the black stoker on a prestigious riverboat comes back to his home neighborhood in New Orleans. On the riverboat, the man is an ex-slave loading wood into a boiler all day, the lowest being on a social ladder running from the captain on down. But on shore, in his home turf in a neighborhood of slaves and cotton bale carriers, he is the man of the moment, with money in his pocket and a grand job. Ignorant lackeys lean over porch rails watching him come down the street, saying "Who is dat man? Who he think he be, walking tall like that, swaggering up all over de place?" and someone says, "he the boiler man on the Robert E. Lee," and then they all watch him go by, like he was a king, and wish they were him, a hero among them. And that summer, and even now, when he thinks I'm getting a little high on myself, my brother will come out with that, laughing, "Who is dat man? Who he think he be, swaggering up all over the place? Think he the stoker on the Robert E. Lee? I do not think so!" And I'll remember what it was like to be fourteen years old with money I had earned in my pocket, walking home through the muggy afternoon with all the "little kids" riding their bikes

around us, and walking in to show my mom that first check.

Tobacco had been grown in the Connecticut River Valley by white men since the 1690s, but it was only after the discovery in the 1890s that growing it under the shade of thin muslin cloth produced a mild leaf much desired by cigar manufacturers, were thousands of acres put under "shade" and devoted to producing cigar wrapper leaves. Poles were put in along the periphery of fields, wire strung across eight feet above the ground and muslin cloth laid across the wire, and down around the edges, creating a kind of hothouse enclosing entire hundred acre fields. The cloth, more like gauze, filtered the sunlight and raised the temperature underneath, and the tobacco grown under it had a distinctive mildness which, even today, is used to roll the finest Cuban cigars.

In the fields we used to smoke, or at least light and put in our mouths, a native Connecticut cigar brand called "Muniemaker," and we would affect ignorant comments on how "mild" it was, how "sweet" the scent coming out of it was, and take a parochial pride in picking the leaves that went into "Muniemakers." A few of the guys probably did really smoke them; a lot of guys smoked cigarettes and were used to inhaling tobacco smoke, but none of us knew a thing really about tobacco, whether it was mild or harsh compared to any other kind of cigar, but then none of us ate "Muniemakers" either, like some of the really old farm hands did. We used to watch the farm boss, Stanley, get out of his truck at seven in the morning, throw the cellophane wrapper from a fresh cigar in the trash can in the farm yard, and though he would occasionally light it, mostly he would chew it, and it would slowly disappear into his mouth as the morning wore on. He wore baggy green chino pants, with the belt hiked up tight under his short-sleeved, plaid shirt, a little round belly, a trashed out fedora hat that he kept tilted back off his red and wrinkled face. We used to call him "Ed," as in Ed Norton of "The Honeymooners," because he looked exactly like Jackie Gleason's buddy. I have no idea how many cigars he ate a day, though it was certainly more than two. After lunch he would always start a fresh one, with the same small ceremony—the wrapper in the trash can, the fiddling with the wooden matches. During the day he would drive around the farm, get out of his truck to confer with the straw bosses in the fields, or at the sheds where they were hanging the tobacco to cure, and stand there waving the cigar at whatever he meant us to see, always yelling, and spitting juice and shreds of tobacco on the ground at his feet, then drive

off in a cloud of white dust.

Picking tobacco consisted mostly of moving down the rows between the plants under the shade cloth, picking the bottom two leaves off the stalks. The leaves were about two feet long, about half as wide, dark green, with a stem line down the center that was stiff like a small celery stalk. When the leaf was snapped off the stalk, a little juice ran out on your hands, and at the end of the day the juice from all the leaves you had picked had congealed into a black tar on your hands, a nicotine filled resin that looked exactly like hashish. In June the plants were about four feet high, the bottom leaves about a foot off the ground, and we sat in the dirt and scooted down the row on our asses, picking the plants on either side. It took about a week for the farm gang of about twenty men and boys to do "a pick" of all the fields on the farm, and by then the previously picked fields were ready to be picked again. We did this all summer, gradually working up the stalks of the continuously growing plants, and by the end of August the stalks were eight or nine feet high and we were reaching over our heads to get the bottom leaves.

Every so often, as we picked our way down the row, we laid a pile of leaves between the stalks on one side, and a guy came along dragging a wire and canvas basket, collecting the "pads" of leaves. When the basket was full, he dragged it out of the field and loaded it onto a flatbed trailer hitched to a tractor, and when the tractor was full somebody drove it to one of the huge wooden barns, "sheds," that lay along the edges of the fields. The sheds were huge wooden post and beam constructions, a hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, thirty feet high, and inside them the leaves were sewn with white twine onto wooden laths by girls standing at special sewing machine tables. Two girls stood on either side of a machine and lifted the leaves off the table, one in each hand, and held them up into a slot on the underside of the sewing mechanism. A needle pulled the twine off a bobbin and passed it through the stems, and when about fifty leaves were strung, the twine was cut and tied to either end of a lath. The laths were about three feet long, exactly like unmarked yardsticks, and loaded with leaves, they were handed up a chain of men and boys to the top of the shed, forty feet off the ground, and hung on long rails stretching the length of the shed, to cure. When the shed was full from the peak of the roof top to within five feet of the ground, propane burners were placed on the ground underneath and lit, and the shed was closed up. The burners, fed by

giant propane tanks next to the sheds, maintained a steady eighty-five degree heat, and for two weeks the tobacco was dried like this, the "hot cure." After this initial drying, slats in the side of the shed were opened up to facilitate air circulation and the tobacco was "cold cured" until October when the laths were taken down and the tobacco, brown, and full of as fine a scent as you could ever smell, was stripped off the laths and packed in crates to be shipped away.

About once a year the propane burners would catch the drying leaves on fire somewhere in our end of Connecticut, and a huge fire would result. These fires happened nearly always at night after a watchman hired to keep falling leaves out of the burners fell asleep, and we would awaken at two or three in the morning to the sound of the fire engines howling down the road, see the massive glow over the woods that lay between our house and the surrounding farms. A few times we all piled into the car and my father drove us to the scene, the country road lined with cars parked along the ditch, hundreds of people sitting on hoods and the tailgates of station wagons, the radios on the fire trucks squawking in the night air. A shed fire was a great event, a roaring unstoppable thing by the time the fire trucks got there, flames hundreds of feet high, the leaves on the trees nearby curling and dying in the heat, the flames so loud you had to raise your voice to be heard. We could feel heat on our faces from a quarter of a mile away, smell the fine cigar smoke as fifty thousand dollars worth of tobacco burned up, and all the firemen could usually do was hose down the other sheds with pondwater pumped up out of the woods, to keep them from going up too. In the the morning there was a black pile of charcoal beams surrounded by a halo of brown grass and trees a hundred yards around.

Except for the tractors, and the electric sewing machines running off the portable generator outside the sheds, nothing of importance had changed about tobacco farming in a long time. Even the shade cloth was only a refinement of the basic round of plant, harvest, cure, that the Indians had perfected centuries before white people ever came up the Connecticut River in 1636. It was an ancient activity, still mostly done by hand because no one had figured out how to build a machine that could pick the leaves as gently as a human hand, or how to get a machine through a field ten times in a summer without destroying the plants themselves. Working in the fields all summer, standing in the clods of dirt between the rows, with the sun shining down though the

patterns of the leaves all around and overhead, inhaling the smell of the earth, the work was essentially human, and the feeling of being an animal on the earth was pure and intoxicating. And sometimes we'd just sit there, far enough in from the edge of the field that the end of the row diminished down a line of perspective into green and leafy inconsequentiality, and just talk, chewing on stalks of grass that had grown in there, listening to insects and to the tractor almost too far away to hear, to Stanley hollering about something to the straw boss.

We went to work at seven in the morning, had a fifteen minute break at nine, half hour lunch at noon, another break at three, and quit at five. Sometimes in the the mornings in June and again in late August, the air was cold, almost frosty, and our fingers, still stiff from the day before, would ache as we set to work picking the leaves. The sun would be low, and we would work in the long blue shadows of the trees stretching across the field until it rose up enough to start warming things up. The air would grow warmer all morning, until by noon it would start to be hot, really hot, under the shade cloth. Sometimes, maybe five or six times a summer, it got well over a hundred degrees under the shade cloth by two or three in the afternoon, and we'd start to complain and whine, and tell the straw boss, who was only seventeen years old himself, to call a break, let us go home for the afternoon. But "production" was always an issue, and if we slowed down, or stopped completely, if the tractor with the baskets of leaves didn't show up at the sewing shed before they started running out of leaves, Stanley would drive up and start waving his soggy cigar at us, yelling, call us "a bunch of goddamn pussies," tell us to "get back in there or you're all fired!" and we would believe him and straggle back into the green furnace of the field, muttering about "going on strike" and ganging up on him and stealing his truck and driving home with it. But sometimes it really was too hot, and Stanley would send us home, and we would end up in somebody's pool in the backyard, drinking iced tea that their mother brought out to us on a tray.

We were boys. None of us had girlfriends, though we all talked about which of the girls in the sewing shed were "hot," which of them would most likely do it with somebody if given the opportunity, which of them maybe already had. We were fourteen and fifteen years old, it was 1969, and most of us had never even come close to being laid, though we thought of sex constantly, and with an intensity which now

colors the memory of that summer like a red filter. Some of the girls who worked in the sewing shed were from our neighborhood, sisters of my friends some of them, known to us since we were small children, and almost not regarded in a sexual way. But there were also about twenty girls from West Virginia who came up every year on a bus and lived in a bunkhouse on the farm, watched over by a middle-aged matron. I was fascinated and terrified by these West Virginia girls, and whenever I was delegated to accompany a tractor load of leaves to the sewing shed, I would throw the baskets off the trailer onto the ground in the shed as if it was a job very few people could do, let alone do as well as I was doing it, so self conscious of myself the world burned around me. Occasionally I would be put in the shed for the whole day, dragging baskets around to the sewing machines, helping the girls load their machines, or hanging the laths up in the rafters, and it was an exquisite kind of tension, being in the presence of those girls, chatting with them about the heat, about what an asshole Stanley was, about what high school would be like. Some of them were achingly beautiful, and I would watch them sideways, while I worked, trying not to be seen watching them, and yet knowing we were all watching each other, my mind racing, trying to think of things to say to them besides the weather and Stanley. I wondered how to get from that awful unbalanced feeling to a place where whatever social skills were necessary to deal with all of this would be at hand, where the waters would be known, where I would be as comfortable with them as I was with my friend's sisters, and could ask in a totally cool way if they were as distracted by this sex thing as I was, and if maybe, if maybe . . . It was never going to happen, not then, not like that, and I knew that as clearly as a person knows he cannot drive, before he can. We all knew that, my friends and I, at least subliminally, though we never put it in those terms. In the end, it was something I knew I could only grow into, and that there was no magic maturity powder I could put in my iced tea. In the meantime, on the days I worked in the shed, I concentrated on not staring at the back of their jeans, or at least not getting caught at it, trying to talk to them, trying to figure it out, trying not to blow it.

One day in July, Kenny the straw boss called us out early for morning break. Kenny was seventeen, but had less social skills than even some of the youngest of the rest of us. He had a terminal case of acne and he was always getting in fights at the high school, not because he

started them, but because he had some weird vibe that made the bullies go after him. His parents were Lithuanian immigrants, his mom was always telling my mom, "My Kenny, he's such a good boy, why can't those bad boys leave him alone?" He fought back, and got to be a pretty good fighter, he had to, but you could see he didn't like it much, and it only made him more of a loner. He loved Motown music too, which we all hated, we were into Hendrix and Santana, but he could be talked sometimes into doing an Elvis impersonation that we found hilarious, that somehow brought him out of his fucked up persona into some other person that was cool in a weird and twisted way. He would twitch and roll, and shake his hands in a way that was so exactly like Elvis, it was spooky, I never saw anybody else ever do Elvis like that. But it was funny too in a goofy way, and sometimes we laughed at him, not with him, and I was ashamed afterwards when we did that, because Kenny knew, underneath he was no fool, he knew what we were at, and all he wanted was for us to like him.

But that one morning he called us out ten minutes early and we came out and found him leaning against the tractor, listening to his radio, set up on the hood. Usually we listened to WDRC during breaks and lunch—they played "the fabulous sounds of the sixties, straight up and at you from our studios in beautiful downtown Hartford." But when we came out of the rows on this morning, there was no music or the staccato rattle of commercials, only some kind of special report.

"It's the moon rocket, Apollo 11," said Kenny.

There was a voice coming live from Cape Kennedy, doing a count-down, and there was a delay for some reason, "T minus two minutes and holding." We all stood around the tractor, or got drinks out of the water cooler. The air held a residual coolness from the night, but the sunlight itself was getting warm already, and it felt good after the relative cold in the shade of the tobacco plants in the rows. The tractor was parked in the dirt road between two fields, and at either end of the road, brightly lit by the sun against the dark green of the trees in the woods, the swallows were working the bugs, darting and swirling in a swarm of shining wings. A jet started climbing up out of Bradley Field across the river to the west, the long dark trail of burnt kerosene streaming out, the rumble coming up behind it. For a few minutes, nothing really was happening at the launch pad and we all just stood there, leaning on the tractor, enjoying the break, watching the jet, a new 747. They were new

that summer and it was amazing how big it was as it turned over us and headed north.

My entire childhood had occurred during the race for the moon. My brother and I had sat on our parents bed with our mom on a winter morning the year before first grade, watching John Glenn leave Cape Canaveral in a cloud of smoke while Walter Cronkite wished him Godspeed and our mom said the Rosary. We could name the Mercury Seven astronauts, we read the National Geographics with the pictures of the Gemini rendezvous and the artists renditions of how it would look when the Lunar Excursion Module unfolded its legs and landed on the moon. The televised imagery of crowds of people tilting their heads back to watch another rocket lift off into the Florida air became a kind of visual reference point for all of us as the years passed, and it seemed like this slow building crescendo of technology went on for a long time.

The year before the moon launch, I built a model rocket from a kit, a black and white replica of the Saturn rocket, with a "payload" section at the top. We put a frog in there, carefully stuffing his legs into the tube, and then touched the battery leads that ignited the engine and watched the rocket go up a thousand feet in a curling whoosh of white smoke. There was a faint pop as the "ejection" charge went off and then we ran across the backyard to meet the astro-frog hanging from his parachute, his long legs kicking the air as we ran up, laughing, truly amazed that the whole thing hadn't actually blown up.

And now, here we were, listening to the result of a decade's worth of countdowns, launches, missions, and splashdowns. They started the count again as we stood there in the morning sun, and then the rocket was up, and we could hear a crackling sound, like the sound of a burning shed, the sound of fire, of the rocket itself. We could hear the rocket and people cheering and the announcer saying "Beautiful, beautiful, look at her go!" and the voices coming out of the speaker, small and tinny, no bass at all, and yet immediate and compelling. They were seeing what we would see later on the TV, the rocket carrying men to land on the moon, and we stood there silently, staring up into the sky, at the 747 getting smaller, flying away, or down at the dirt beneath our sneakers, or off at the trees at the edge of the field. We had been watching and listening to this thing for years, and now they really were doing it, they were going to the moon, and we knew we would remember this, like we remembered the day Kennedy was shot, a certain kind of com-

mon cultural moment. After a few minutes the special report ended, they went back to the music, and Kenny told us the break was over, we had to go back to work. We straggled back into the rows, disappearing under the canopy of leaves, talking to each other between the stalks, feeling the heat coming on. Going into the row, I looked up one last time and thought about how those three guys were probably high over Africa by then, looking out the window at the blue curve of the Earth's horizon sliding below them, the limitless black wall of space beyond.

The world turned under the sun, and August came, fat and golden. The corn on the other farms nearby ripened, and we would walk into the fields off the road and rip fresh ears out on the walk home, and eat them raw. The guys had landed on the moon, we had all watched it on TV on a rainy Sunday night, though we all thought that for the money they spent on the moon program, they could have got a better picture back. Kenny thought it would have been cool if they'd played the theme from "2001: A Space Odyssey" when Neil Armstrong stepped down the ladder. It was an epiphany, and then it was over, the whole high feeling of technological achievement and arrival. Within a year we would be reading the word "routine" in the news stories about the lunar landings that followed, and then the war in Viet Nam and the war in the whole culture would sweep them off the front page.

A couple weeks before school started, before I started high school, the older kids in the neighborhood started talking about a rock festival in New York somewhere. The details were hazy at my level in the social milieu, but it sounded like a camping trip with music. A girl down the street, Beverly Belody, the older sister of my brother's best friend, had an extra ticket and room in her car for the drive out Route 44 into New York. None of my friends were going—"Who wants to go camping with a bunch of hippies? And Bev Belody is a dog anyway." was the general comment, but the music part sounded like fun to me. At supper I asked my dad if it would be OK if I went with Bev to the camping/music festival, but he didn't even blink. "Nope. That's gonna be no place for a fourteen-year-old boy." The way he said it made me stop right there, I knew I wasn't going. It didn't seem all that important at the time, about the same level of disappointment as if I'd missed a trip to go swimming at the beach on Long Island Sound, and in a way I knew he was right. Except for a week at Boy Scout camp when I was thirteen, I'd never been away from home, and wasn't really sure that was a bad thing. I

talked to Bev, and she left the next day in a green '64 Valiant with another girl. In a day I'd forgotten all about it.

That Saturday we worked. The pace was picking up as the season ended, Stanley was in a froth to get the tobacco in before we all went back to school. We had all watched the aerial shots of the crowd at Woodstock on the news the night before, and that next morning, sitting on the bench in the shed waiting for seven o'clock to go to work, it was all we talked about. Now we all wished we were there. I felt as if I'd missed the last chance to ever have any fun in my life, and felt too that something historic was happening that I was missing out on, that I had almost gotten into. A couple of the older teenagers, guys who drove tractors, were missing from the farm that weekend, they'd been scared to tell Stanley they were splitting for a few days, and we were acutely aware that they were there, seeing Hendrix and the Who. We spent the weekend talking about going to Woodstock '70, it was going to be an annual thing, Hendrix had signed a contract to play there forever, and I asked my dad if it would be OK to go next summer and he said "Well, we'll talk about it then." But in my heart I knew that it was over, it would never happen again.

The rest of the summer was warped by Woodstock. My buddies and I had missed the apparent social event of the century, and two weeks later I stood on a corner waiting for the bus to take me to my first day of high school, still talking about it with the other kids. The morning still smelled like summer, but the light in the sky had changed, there was a depth to the blue that held the look of winter. We had on street shoes and school clothes, the jeans and sneakers we had lived in for three months were in drawers at home, and we were embarking on serious business now, high school, Latin and the nuns, and lots of kids older and smarter than we were. It was the road out to growing up. There was an unquantifiably melancholy feeling at the end of a summer that was gone, a conscious recognition that my childhood was over, that somewhere during the summer it had melted away, and now, with the bus to the high school turning the corner, a kind of official notice of its demise was being served. This personal sense of growing up was at the same time mixed with the pictures of the crowd at Woodstock, scenes of a kind of cultural epiphany, a tide that had crested, and was now almost imperceptively receding, and I kept thinking, I missed it, I was not old enough, not cool enough, and now it's over, everything has happened too soon

for me to participate, and the rest of my life will be a story of missing the last bus to the game.

The next spring "Woodstock," the film, came out, and I watched it at the State Theater in Windsor, sat in the dark on a rainy Saturday in April with my brother, watching the summer that was now history. The opening of the movie has long telephoto shots of ripe grain fields, great golden hillsides, rich summer light. Harvester machines move across the land, cutting the wheat, and the soundtrack has that song— "It's been a long time coming, and it'll be long time gone . . ."

Summer was coming again, but things had changed. The mood in America was different in a way I could not explain, could only feel. We watched "Woodstock" together the weekend after our dad moved out, after they told us about the divorce, and the movie and that event are forever welded together in my mind, the fecundity of the movie linked perversely with the gray and awful memory of the mood around the supper table with my father's empty chair at the end. A boy from our neighborhood had been killed in Viet Nam that winter, and the party atmosphere of the demonstrations on TV and even in Hartford, in Bushnell Park, were replaced by a meanness, a wintry spirit, that reached down even into my own world. We all called the police the "pigs," now, and on TV news every night there was nothing but the war, with that little graphic to the right of Walter Cronkite's elbow on Friday nights, the numbers of killed, wounded, missing, in Southeast Asia that week. High school was turning out to be a mixed bag of ferocious nuns and certain girls who were nicer and more approachable than I had thought possible, of upperclassmen who seemed to live to fuck with fourteen-year-old freshmen, and the first realization that there were some amazing things written about the world, that literature might be the secret to the universe. It was weird, the whole thing, though it would be years before I realized it was weird for everyone, that there was a universality to growing up that, if different in the details, was the same for everyone on a certain nonverbal level, that shucking the cocoon was hard, and came with pain and pleasure both.

I never dreamed I would travel so far from those scenes, and yet still conjure them up so clearly, so unambiguously. It seems amazing to me that so much time has passed since then, a third of a century, and yet still have it feel so close, as if I could take a step through that tobacco cloth somewhere and feel the sun again on my fourteen-year-old face.

My grandmother told me once that time starts to act funny the longer you live, that it speeds up, the trajectory of your experience accelerating and arcing out so that ten years when you're ninety is like a year when you're nine. Why that should warp the experiences of the distant past into an almost painful intensity, even while the present can sometimes seem gray and two dimensional, is a mystery I do not understand. I watch my own kids now, careening through their own lives, knowing they will remember parts of this world we share now with the same sharp tang when they are very old, and are watching their own grandchildren learning to walk. And I wonder, what parts will stick to the linings of their memories, what moments will spill whole, leaking the scent of the year 1999 or 2000 into their consciousness fifty years from now? They seem oblivious to it, to a recognition that they are moving away, always away, but they cannot be oblivious, they must merely be watching, waiting, as I was.

A Simulation of the International Court of Justice

Chris Strube & Tessa DeLong

During the Fall 1999 semester, our International Law & Organizations class prepared a simulation of the International Court of Justice. The question before the Court was: Are the sanctions proposed by the UN Security Council legal under international law? This is a report on that simulation.

The International Court of Justice, or ICJ, also often called the World Court, is the main judicial organ of the United Nations. The Court traces its roots to the very first general purpose, universal membership international organization, the League of Nations. The League created the current Court's predecessor, and upon dissolution of the League and the subsequent creation of the United Nations following the Second World War, the Court was given its mandate, found in the original UN Charter. Under Article 96 of the Charter, the Court was required to give Advisory Opinions to the UN and all its specialized agencies.

Each member of the class became a Justice of the Court, all from different countries, and although sworn to neutrality and forswearing any political bias, each judge was required to represent the legal tradition of the nation he or she came from.

The facts of the case were as follows: Two American embassies, one in Tanzania, the other in Kenya, were bombed in the summer of 1999. The bombings caused the deaths of hundreds, the injury of many more, and great devastation. The United States of America believed Osama bin Laden, as well as members of his organization, was respon-

sible for these bombings; the U.S.A. therefore sought extradition of bin Laden, who was currently residing in Afghanistan. Afghanistan, which was in political upheaval, was effectively controlled by the Taliban, whose government was recognized by only three other states. The Taliban-controlled Afghanistan does not have a seat at the United Nations. The Taliban refused to extradite bin Laden. Both the U.S.A. and the Taliban accused one another of negotiating in bad faith, and the U.S.A. then requested action by the UN Security Council, resulting in the Resolution before the Court. As further background, the U.S.A. also unilaterally carried out cruise missile strikes against alleged weapons caches in Afghanistan at around this same time period.

The UN Security Council resolution of November 14, 1999, which the Court was asked to rule on, called for the extradition of bin Laden, or else the Taliban would be subjected to "financial and geographic isolation." Additionally, the sanctions froze all overseas assets of the Taliban. This resolution passed the Security Council unanimously.

To answer the question of whether the sanctions were legal under international law, three additional questions were answered. The questions the Court examined were:

1. Have all remedies for peaceful settlement of disputes between states been exhausted?
2. Which state would rightly have jurisdiction over bin Laden for his alleged crimes?
3. Whether existing extradition laws apply?

The preliminary impressions the Justices brought to the deliberations were, in the main, as follows: International law, as created by numerous global treaties, as well as international customs and bilateral arrangements between states, condemned such terrorist acts and provided for the extradition of any alleged perpetrator to the appropriate venue for prosecution. Failing extradition, the imposition of sanctions would be appropriate, and therefore legal under current international legal norms. A dissenting preliminary impression was brought by the Justice from France, who argued that sanctions were inappropriate because they inordinately harmed the wrong people. Another dissenting preliminary impression was brought by the Justice from Afghanistan, who argued that because dispute-resolution remedies were not exhausted, sanctions would be premature, and therefore illegal.

The treaties that seemed most applicable to the case were the following:

The Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of Crimes Against Internationally Protected Persons, Including Diplomatic Agents: This treaty essentially placed the burden on states, harboring accused perpetrators of the specified crimes to either prosecute or extradite that person. Nearly every UN member state had ratified this convention, which entered into force in 1974.

Another was The International Convention for the Suppression of Terrorist Bombings, which further bears out the pervasive principle under international norms that it is the responsibility of states to either prosecute or extradite alleged perpetrators of the specified crimes.

Another multilateral treaty that bears out the same ideas, yet in stronger terms, was The Convention on the Organization of the Islamic Conference on Combating International Terrorism. Notably, this convention was ratified by almost all Islamic states, including Afghanistan.

Of course, the United Nations Charter itself was also an important legal document in the deliberations of the Court. Under the UN Charter, advisory opinions exist so that the ICJ may give opinions about issues of international law at the request of the United Nations or one of its specialized agencies before a contentious case arises.

At this point, in order to determine whether application of sanctions by the UN Security Council was legal, the Justices began deliberating, based on their research and preliminary findings, starting with the issue: Have all remedies for peaceful settlement of disputes between states been exhausted? In the discussion, the Justice from Afghanistan pointed out that, according to the UN Charter, Article 33, "The parties to any dispute, the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security, shall, first of all, seek a solution by negotiation, an inquiry, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement, resort to regional agencies, or other peaceful means of the parties own choosing. "The Security Council shall, when it deems necessary, call upon the parties to settle their dispute by such means."

The U.S.A., Kenya, and Tanzania bear the burden of proof in this case, since they requested the sanctions. Under international law, it is incumbent upon them to show that they attempted, in good faith, to settle their dispute using some, if not all, of the measures laid out in Article 33. There was incomplete evidence as to whether or not these states could prove they made such an effort; however, that very lack of evi-

dence on the point suggested that the required remedies had not been exhausted. The Justice from the U.S.A. pointed out that the United States had attempted to negotiate with the Taliban; the Justice from Afghanistan noted that the U.S. had refused to turn over to the Taliban authorities any evidence of bin Laden's involvement in the crimes. Also, that the Taliban convened a special Supreme Court inquiry into the charges against bin Laden, but that no state had offered any evidence to that tribunal. The Justice from Afghanistan said that, because negotiation, inquiry, conciliation, and many other possible remedies for resolving this dispute were never attempted, it would be premature, and therefore illegal, to impose sanctions. It was pointed out that it would be a harmful precedent for the future, if sanctions were imposed without trying less drastic measures first. The Justice from France noted that sanctions should be the peaceful measure of last resort.

Whether all remedies had been used up was the paramount issue of the case; the legality of sanctions hinged upon the exhaustion of peaceful dispute-resolution measures as enumerated in the U.N. Charter, and reflected in the traditions of states. As a matter of fact, the tribunal returned to the issue several times throughout the deliberations, though at that time in the deliberations the Court ruled unanimously that all measures had not, in fact, been exhausted.

The second question the Court examined was: Who would have jurisdiction over the trial of bin Laden for the alleged crimes? Jurisdiction of municipal courts over international crimes are based on any one of five justifications, referred to as principles of law.

1. The territoriality principle, in which jurisdiction came from the place where the offence was committed.
2. The nationality principle, in which jurisdiction was determined by the nationality of the person accused of committing the offence.
3. The protective principle, in which jurisdiction was extended to the state whose national interests were injured.
4. The universality principle, by which jurisdiction was established by the state who took the accused into custody.
5. The passive personality principle, by which jurisdiction was given to the court in the victim's state.

At this point in the deliberations, the question of whether the Taliban could be considered the government of Afghanistan was raised.

By the universality principle, the Taliban, which had custody of bin Laden, should have had jurisdiction, but the United States had argued that the Taliban was not the legitimate government, was recognized by only three other states, and did not have a seat at the United Nations. The Justice from Afghanistan noted, however, that the U.S., by addressing extradition requests and diplomatic negotiations to the Taliban, had already affirmed that the Taliban was the *de facto* government of Afghanistan.

Though Kenya and Tanzania could legitimately have claimed jurisdiction under the passive personality principle, they did not do so. The question of jurisdiction for Afghanistan did present a problem for international law. As the Justice from Japan pointed out, the Shari'a, or Islamic Law, was not compatible with international standards, nor did it even consider the superiority of international law over municipal law.

On this second question of jurisdiction, a majority of Justices (4) found the jurisdiction to lie with the Taliban. Two Justices found jurisdiction to lie with the United States. All judges concurred that if the Taliban failed to prosecute bin Laden in a timely manner, they had an obligation under law to extradite him to either the United States, or another appropriate forum, like Kenya or Tanzania.

This raised the final question as to the legality of sanctions—the question of extradition. Essentially, the law on this point is clear. The state which had custody of bin Laden must either prosecute him or extradite him to the states, harmed by the bombings, or another appropriate forum.

The Court's decision could be summarized as follows: The sanctions proposed by the UN Security Council were illegal, inasmuch as they were premature. Because available remedies for the resolution of international disputes had not been exhausted, the imposition of sanctions would be inappropriate.

In conclusion, a few remarks on the significance of the ruling are in order. One of the most important aspects of the work of the ICJ is the apolitical nature of the tribunal. Because the Court was constrained by the parameters of existing legal documents, whether they be treaties or international conventions, or even the traditional law of nations, it became possible to dispassionately examine a case and draw conclusions separate from the inflammatory pressures of the political process, of which the other organs of the United Nations form a part. This partic-

ular dispute was a prime example of the necessity, in our world, of maintaining legitimate legal machinery for the resolution of conflicts. While on the its face it might seem "obvious" that Osama bin Laden should be turned over to the United States, and it may seem reasonable for the Unitede States to use the Security Council to enforce its wishes, the perils of powerful states, imposing their will on other states under the auspices of the UN, are too great to ignore. This ruling reinforces the norm under international law requiring disputing states to make a good-faith effort to work out the conflict using peaceful means. If U.S.A. or any other influential or powerful state is seen to be flouting these norms, the entire system, built on confidence in the rule of law, shakes on its foundations. This is especially important to less powerful and wealthy states, which depend on due process to guarantee their rights. These important aspects of the case in question become obvious under judicial scrutiny, yet were not apparent in the political process, underscoring the critical role the International Court of Justice can play in helping us build a more just world.

The Experience of Abuse Within Lesbian Relationships

Margo M. Borland

This original study was condensed from 70 to 15 pages to comply with the requirements for this venue. The complete study is available at the library of the University of Alaska Anchorage. Dr. Elizabeth Predeger, Chairwoman of the thesis committee and Associate Professor at the UAA School of Nursing, facilitated this project.

CHAPTER I: INTRODUCTION

Violence within lesbian couples occurs at rates similar to those of heterosexual couples (Hamberger, 1994). Domestic violence crosses ethnic, racial, age, religious, socioeconomic, and sexual orientation lines. The prevalence of domestic violence among lesbian couples is approximately 25-30% (Barnes, 1998). Lesbians' acknowledgment of violence in their relationships is deterred by the lesbian myth of healthy, violence-free, egalitarian relationships (Coleman, 1994). The reluctance to discuss this issue has been significant, both within mainstream society and the lesbian community.

More than a third of lesbians age 22-52 have experienced violence by a partner (White & Levinson, 1995). Such elements as hierarchy of power, ownership, entitlement, and control exist in both heterosexual and homosexual family relationships (Campbell & Humphreys, 1993).

Nurses are often the first professionals interacting with a client, both as primary care providers and facilitators of care. Nurses can offer

culturally competent healthcare that is sensitive to the individual's ethnic, religious, race, class, social, and sexual content (Rankow, 1995).

The purpose of this study was to explore and describe the experience of violence within lesbian relationships. The truest description of this phenomenon would come directly from women who had experienced partnership violence.

CHAPTER II: REVIEW OF LITERATURE

A variety of theories attempted to explain why domestic violence occurred. For purposes of this study, the perspectives that will be discussed include: intergenerational transmission of violence (Campbell & Lewandowski, 1997); social power relationships (Coleman, 1994); cycle theory of violence (Campbell & Humphreys, 1993; Walker, 1979); substance abuse (Oriel & Fleming, 1998); and homophobia and internalized homophobia (Renzetti, 1997).

Intergenerational Transmission of Violence

Families sometimes provide an environment where violence is used as a means of solving problems. Campbell and Lewandowski (1997) referred to the idea of intergenerational violence, suggesting that adults are violent because they witnessed or were subjected to violence within their own families as children. They suggested long-term intervention not only to help the children, but also to potentially prevent further violent perpetration and victimization in their lives.

Social Power Relationships

Society exists within a cultural atmosphere of hierarchical social structures and patriarchal values, where the predominant model for intimate relationships is that of unequal power (Coleman, 1994). Living in a society that condones male domination and subordination or control of women supports social relationships that are hierarchical, even within same sex relationships.

Cycle Theory of Violence

The cycle of violence theory was developed by Lenore Walker in the 1970s (Campbell & Humphreys, 1993; Walker, 1979). She worked with a large number of abuse survivors and found a common pattern of behavior, which she termed the cycle of violence. The relationship proposed by the model was one of control, with the overall aim of the violence being the intent of the abuser to maintain control and assert

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power over the victim. The cycle involved three stages; the tension building stage, the explosion or fight stage, and the remorse or honeymoon stage. The cycle occurs over and over, taking from a few hours to a year or more to complete (Campbell & Humphreys, 1993; Walker, 1979).

Substance Abuse

Most theories on the causes of violence in the family did not include alcohol as an element, but empirical studies did associate alcohol consumption with battering (Oriol & Fleming, 1998). Oriol & Fleming's study revealed that men who experienced high alcohol consumption, depression, and were abused as children, were 41% more likely to batter.

Homophobia and Internalized Homophobia

One variable unique to same sex relationships that has been cited as a potential contributor to lesbian partner violence was homophobia, both within society and internalized within lesbian women (Renzetti, 1997). Internalized homophobia occurs when lesbian women accept heterosexual society's negative attitude toward them.

CHAPTER III: METHODS

Research Design

In this qualitative study, the purpose was to develop a description of lesbian domestic violence. This study described lesbian domestic violence from the emic perspective, that of the women who lived it (Morse & Field, 1995).

Using a qualitative descriptive design, an open-ended interview format was used to encourage each respondent to reveal her specific reality. Qualitative interviewing with lesbian respondents brought a personal perspective that opened a window into the double-closeted world of gay partnerships and domestic violence.

Feminist methodology provided the basis for approaching the lived experience of violence within lesbian relationships. Feminist methodology ensured an approach that was non-hierarchical, interactive, and empowering to a woman's way of knowing (King, 1994).

Participants in this study were at least 18 years of age, had been involved in a violent lesbian partnership in the past, and were currently not in an abusive relationship.

Participants were recruited from numerous contacts in the community, including word of mouth referral, ads in local lesbian publications, flyers displayed around town, and key contacts with individuals and organizations within the gay/lesbian community.

Data Collection and Analysis

The interviews took place at a mutually agreed upon safe and confidential location. The audio taped interviews lasted from one to two hours. An open-ended question was used to begin the flow of communication. The researcher focused on creating a calm and safe environment that allowed the interview to proceed at a pace comfortable for the participant. The women were encouraged to talk a little about themselves, and then ease into the subject of abuse when they felt ready to do so.

Analysis started with the interviews and was ongoing. As the participants told their stories, themes and concepts began to emerge, often repeatedly.

CHAPTER IV: RESULTS

Description of Participants

Ten lesbian women who experienced abusive relationships participated in this study. The respondents varied in age from 18 to 42. The length of the abusive relationships ranged from six months to eight years. The women responding to this study were Caucasian. Seven respondents were university graduates (one was pursuing post-graduate work).

Nine of the ten participants disclosed witnessing and/or experiencing violence and abuse in their family of origin. Five had been victims of incest or sexual abuse.

Major Categories

Eight major categories emerged from the data describing the experience of abuse within lesbian partnerships. The categories were: Battered Early; Being Gay; Coming Out/Being Out; Abuse Begins; Always, Control; Alcohol and Abuse; Extreme Violence; and Suicide, the Only Way Out.

The categories were reviewed with some of the participants as this study progressed. One participant stated she identified her words, and felt they were surrounded and supported by the words of the other

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women. Participants also validated the description of their experience, and the presentation from a lesbian cultural perspective. The findings were presented using the words of the participants.

Battered Early

Study participants often described their family of origin in terms of dysfunction due to abuse, alcoholism, neglect, or incest. Alcohol was prominent in many of the families. The women talked of the normalcy of seeing and experiencing abuse, neglect, and violence in their early lives.

I remember a lot of yelling and screaming back and forth, I actually still have a hard time when people yell . . . it just makes me cringe . . .

Incest, one of the most psychologically traumatic forms of family dysfunction, also permeated the lives of several participants. Most of the participants were sexually traumatized before they reached adulthood.

Nobody believed me, and then there was somebody who saw him [dad] . . . there was a part of you where you don't want them to find out, and yet you want them to so badly . . . I was being sexually molested in the home . . . and we'd move every two years so my dad wouldn't get caught, and my mom claims she didn't know . . . even though I told her . . .

Emotional abuse was the norm in most of these families. The following excerpts speak to neglect, isolation, loneliness, and dysfunction within the home systems.

I would often get called out of school . . . because [mom] was threatening suicide, she would call the school and say she was going to kill herself, so they would bring me home to try and talk her out of it . . . from when I was like 7 or 8 . . . this was the norm . . . you never knew when you came through the door what the mood was going to be, was she going to be asleep in her room with the door shut . . . to dinner and don't make noise . . . or was she going to be like really hyper and up like in a cleaning frenzy . . .

Being Gay

The respondents each talked about what it meant to them to be les-

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bian or gay. Many learned prejudices from their families and many grew and matured with a naive innocence of what sexual orientation meant.

I knew . . . basically for the most part that I was [lesbian] ever since grade school because I had crushes on all my female teachers and things like that, but I just thought it was bad or wrong . . . mom and dad talked . . . like homosexuals were freaks, and I knew that wasn't me, I mean I knew I wasn't a freak . . .

Coming Out/Being Out

Coming out to family and friends was often difficult due to prejudices, ignorance, religion, and even internal homophobia. Participants voiced the pain of rejection by families, work, career, and religion.

My granddad is a minister for crying out loud! I was always taught that I was dead and going to hell in a hand basket because I was queer . . . and they didn't even know I was queer at the time, but I did. I knew there was something different, always knew there was something different but just couldn't figure it out.

Coming out was a process that started with self-realization. Coming out to family, to friends, and to work, occurred in stages. Some respondents remain closeted in parts of their lives.

I would hear my dad say things about homosexuals and there was just something that really hit me . . . and I went to my room and I laid on my bed and I thought for a long time, it's like I wasn't thinking I was [gay] . . . I was really confused, I never wanted to admit it to myself, that was the hardest part, admitting it to myself . . .

The phenomenon of unconditional love from a family member, was an important and powerful adjunct to each lesbian's coming out.

I was really close to my aunt, and she was the first person I told I thought I might be gay, and she said, I love you, I don't care if you're gay or not . . .

Once out, the women faced whatever society offered them, from acceptance, to prejudice, to rejection.

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. . . in the minds of America, most minds conjure up an image of San Francisco on gay day . . . I don't want to see that and I am gay . . . I don't think I have a lot of problems really, and I don't let gay stop me from being a human being, it's just part of who I am . . .

Abuse Begins

As the women began to speak of the past violent relationships, they described how the abuser quickly took over their lives. Most of them described having a feeling early on that things weren't right, something was wrong.

The first night [she] ever spent the night in my apartment, the next morning, and I have never forgotten this . . . I had this sort of internal gut feeling that [she] was starting to take over already, and she was going to control this and that . . . and she had all kinds of plans.

The participants often described the abuser making contact with them while they were healing from another relationship, vulnerable or suffering from a low self-esteem. They spoke of feeling flattered and pursued.

. . . suddenly, she was there, she was very flattering, very charismatic, very cute, and I thought, gees . . . this person is pursuing me, wow, that was flattering!

In this study, most of the batterers were smaller in stature than the women they victimized.

. . . she weighs all of 100 pounds and she's 5 feet tall, I am 5 foot 3 inches, and the sad thing is like I look back on it, I don't know . . . but, I know it's not about size, I know that fundamentally . . .

Always, Control

The goals of the homosexual batterer were the same as the goals of the heterosexual batterer, to exert power and control. These goals included getting one's own way, feeling strong and powerful, and having a partner who caters to one's needs. The respondents spoke to this

theme again and again.

It just kept getting worse and worse all the time . . . I wasn't allowed to talk to my mom, I wasn't allowed to talk to my best friend, I never went to the doctor, never, never, never . . .

She destroyed different things, she sabotaged my friendships . . . I would go to see an old friend that I hadn't seen for years, and she would tell me later that she was in the same café spying on me, and listening in on conversations, just to make sure . . . she was just vicious . . .

The morning that she knew I was to get my award [at work], she made me stay home and be late, was being real confrontational . . . I didn't get to take a shower . . . it was one of her interrogations that she did . . .

Alcohol and Abuse

Alcohol and/or other substances were factors in many of the participants' relationships, involving both the perpetrator and sometimes the victim.

She would just get angrier and angrier the more she drank and she'd keep me up at night . . . if I tried to go to sleep she'd come in there and . . . just basically be verbally harassing me and keeping me awake, opening the door, turning on the lights, turning on the TV and things so I couldn't sleep, and it just kept getting worse and worse, and then she finally got to the point where she started hitting me.

The participants stated over and over the difficulty of addressing the sexual abuse. This abuse included verbal insults, intimidation, with holding affection and intimacy, as well as assault and rape.

This is the part I can't really talk about but I'll touch on it, cause this is the part emotionally that I do not deal with . . . but there was a lot of sexual abuse as well . . . that is actually the part that messes me up more than anything.

. . . some of the things that she did were the most awful things I can ever remember . . . shoot at me, I don't care, kill me even [laugh], but that is one

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part of me that I can't discuss on an intellectual level.

Extreme Violence

The women repeatedly described detailed abuse, ongoing control, and intimidation from their partners. The abuse cycle repeated itself with increasing intensity.

She would yell, she'd stomp, she'd hit me, she'd throw things, she'd berate me.

. . . I was kind of speechless, and she was really aggressive and she had the gun and she put it right here [showing in the roof of her mouth], and I'm like, oh my God . . . and she's like "see, guns don't hurt you, people hurt you. . ."

. . . bruises all the time, I can remember one time sitting there, she had beaten the hell out of me, all the way down the hall, and I'm trying to get away from her, and ran out of . . . somewhere to go and I just fell onto the floor, and she proceeded to kick me in my back . . .

Suicide, The Only Way Out

The respondents spoke candidly of the feelings of hopelessness and depression they felt while experiencing partnership violence. The co-morbidity of depression and suicidality was frequently discussed.

I used to think over and over again the only way I am ever going to get out of this is if I just die, it was suicide, I never tried but the visualizations and the plans, I knew [laugh] I was at risk . . . I didn't want to die . . . I just wanted to get out, and I just didn't know how . . .

CHAPTER V: DISCUSSION

The participants repeatedly talked about lesbianism as who they were, as a culture to them. This view reflected the unusual closeness of the community, and the support from within. It was also this feeling of community, of being separate from the surrounding heterosexual world that encouraged denial of lesbian violence. If straight society was already suspicious of lesbian culture, some members felt it was best to hide the "dirty laundry" of lesbian domestic violence.

Implications for Nursing Practice and Education

The women who participated in this study stated that they wanted to add to knowledge about abusive lesbian partnerships. Some of the participants stated they had experienced a lack of sensitive, knowledgeable care by the healthcare system.

Previous research suggested health care providers' heterosexual assumptions might block therapeutic communication with lesbian clients. This was true for several participants in this study. Every practitioner and every facility that delivers care to women delivers care to lesbians. Individual providers need to note the inclusiveness of their knowledge, attitudes, conversation, and behaviors (Stevens, 1994; 1995).

Nursing professionals can achieve inclusion by using the following guidelines: eliminate bias from history taking, take disclosure in stride, explore the full range of medical and psychosocial concerns, discuss sexual issues candidly, recognize the partner, and be aware of parenting issues (Stevens, et al., 1996).

The participants in this study stated that they had received the full range of responses from providers. One participant talked of a provider who "missed the boat" and due to poor assessment techniques, never knew her client was lesbian, or in a violent relationship. Others spoke to the responsiveness of nurse practitioners, or the help of professionals in shelters.

To assess whether a client was a victim or potential victim of violence was part of the nursing assessment. Nursing educators can specifically address inclusion techniques for assessments of gay/lesbian clients in their programs.

Another area discussed by the participants in this study was a support group. Some of the women stated they had tried a support group with battered heterosexual women, but felt the issues were somehow different. They felt they could not speak freely or feel understood. Other concerns regarding support groups were confidentiality and safety, specifically with regard to not being "out." Nurses trained in domestic violence and sensitive to this population could facilitate support groups.

Implications for Further Research

While there have been some studies involving lesbian domestic violence, it is important to continue exploring this issue, along with the attitudes of health care practitioners, counselors, and personnel in women's

shelters. It was beneficial to investigate the experiences of lesbians, as well as the perceptions and possible biases of providers. A survey of lesbian women could reveal how they choose a provider and what they need to feel safe and cared for within a practice.

Women's health care facilities could be studied to reveal where the assessments are inclusive to this population and where the policies and procedures work to exclude this clientele. Support systems and resources available for lesbians living in abusive relationships could be evaluated for inclusive knowledge of all women's issues related to violence.

The available books and articles on gay domestic violence focused primarily on convincing the reader that this does exist. Practitioners who look for practical strategies to address same-sex domestic violence find themselves in an informational vacuum. The activist, the organizer, the practitioner, and the survivor have searched for anti-violence strategies that fit their unique context (Leventhal & Lundy, 1999).

Knowledge of the experience of battered lesbian women in mainstream women's shelters could be revealing. An understanding that these women represent a unique culture is essential information for practitioners who staff shelters for women. The need for separate services was being voiced as a strategy for change (Leventhal & Lundy, 1999).

A retrospective study looking at patterns of abuse that resulted in the murder of a lesbian by her partner could greatly add to existing knowledge. A study from the perspective of the perpetrator could add insight into the issue of lesbian violence within partnerships.

It would be interesting to look within the lesbian culture and community at the attitudes of those lesbians who have not experienced domestic violence. Several of the women in this study stated they had approached other lesbians within their community for help and were told to "work it out" and not give the lesbian community a bad name. A confidential interview could reveal the extent of this "second closet" and be beneficial when creating support services for the lesbian domestic violence victims.

It is noteworthy that many of the women in this study suffered childhood sexual trauma. Research involving women who were sexually victimized as children is in its early stages. A recent study showed a positive correlation between childhood sexual abuse and adult sexual dis

satisfaction in both homosexual and heterosexual women (Weingourt, 1998).

A striking feature of this study was that the lesbians who participated in this research chose to reveal their abusive experiences with the hope of helping other lesbians in violent partnerships. Even though the women were safely out of the abusive relationships, they returned emotionally and shared the details of their experiences with a stranger, with the specific goal of helping others. This researcher commends them for their courage and their inspiration.

The following words from a participant metaphorically describe the pervasiveness of her experience within an abusive lesbian partnership, hidden from society and her own community.

It had gotten to the point that I was walking on eggshells, all the time, the least little thing could set her off, so . . . if we had company come over, if I paid too much attention to one person, or said anything . . . she'd be fine all the time they were there, but as soon as the door closed, it was all over . . .

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Chatita

Gonzalo Medina

In the early fall of that year they both lived in a small house, at the crest of a brown hill, overlooking San Pedro, with a wide view of the harbor. It was the time of year in San Pedro when the ocean surged inland with the storms, pulling red seaweed from the bottom and leaving it wrapped around street lamps and palm trees on shore, and the fog crept in silent and left like the tides. In the mornings, it covered the harbor like a blanket and curled around the coffee shops and restaurants surrounding it. The shops all faced out into the harbor, across the street and bike path paved along the sand, and people would sit in them listening to the waves rolling in and looking out at the dim lights on the oil tankers and fishing boats steering blind in the fog. Many of the coffee shops had green fold-up chairs that poured out onto the sidewalk. Customers would wipe the dew off their chairs with the morning paper, place it under white saucers when finished; the edges of the paper beating in the breeze. The espresso would linger outside the cafés like the cats sleeping under the tables, mixed with the low murmur of conversations and the sounds of forks and spoons ringing off the plates. A small brick lighthouse, three miles out on a jetty paralleling the beach, guided the large tankers coming in; and Macario Montoya and his wife Lupita had been waiting outside La Crème since seven, sitting with their backs toward each other and staring blankly at the lighthouse, flickering like a candle under the heavy cathump and fallout spray of a wave, hanging weightless in the fog.

It had been some time now and the fat manager had not come out

to talk to them. Macario stood and waited patiently outside La Crème, making fists and jamming them into his pant pockets. He wore thin soled loafers, cream slacks, and a white buttoned shirt with maroon stripes running down it. Macario owned two shirts: a yellow Corona beer T-shirt he won in a horse race and used whenever he drank, and a striped buttoned one he kept over a black and white photograph of him and Lupita standing outside their old home in Palenque.

The photograph was inside a rusted metal frame face down on the windowsill of their new place, covered by his Corona shirt. The glass had cracked down the left side on their move from Palenque to America, and under Lupita's thin ankles showing at the bottom of her long summer dress. Her long hair draped over her left shoulder, and away from Macario who stood rigid, short and thin; gaunt with belief, his hand cupped over Lupita's right shoulder. Chickens stood lined up on the porch railing in the photograph. A rooster guarded the front door, head cocked, eyeballing the camera. Macario kept the door closed at night with a crooked branch in the shape of a Cross. He put the door in so it opened outward, instead of inward, insisting it would keep the frogs on the porch from coming inside in the afternoons. He forgot one night, coming home drunk from the cantina. He pushed and threw himself at the door.

"Open it, you whore!" Hammering it with his fist. Heart raging. Sure that Lupita was trying to keep him from coming inside. He picked up a wooden patio chair and beat the metal hinges with it.

"Pendeja. Open the door!"

Forced a chair leg through the eyehole. Ripped it out; placed his eye in to see who was inside with her. Kicked at it. Sliced frogs open with the spurs on his boots. Cursing them at top of his lungs, "Pinches frogs, go to hell!" Vomit dripping off his Corona shirt. He backed away slowly, chair legs dragging on the porch; lifted it, head down, chair legs pointing out like horns, and charged the door. He remembers seeing wooden chair pieces flying slowly through the air.

The door was open in the photograph. You could see through the house, beyond the opened back door to a large gray willow tree dripping over a bench. If you looked closely, carefully at the weather-beaten door, you made out the broken hinge hanging off the top corner, and the door crooked, awkwardly leaning downward, as if trying to tear itself away from the house.

MACARIO'S EYES followed the movements of the waiters inside the La Crème's lightly tinted windows. How they carried food trays high above their heads and fluently picked up finished plates, empty wine-glasses, and checkbooks on the tables. How they cradled wine bottles like babies.

"Will you straighten your back," Lupita asked.

Macario threw his shoulders back, dropped his hands at his sides, and practiced the standing of the waiters. He felt the people on the street making eyes at him. The waiters wore small black bowties around their necks. I'll have to learn to tie one, he told himself, made out his reflection in the window and imagined himself in a black bow tie.

"Do you think I'll go good in a bowtie," he asked Lupita.

"You have black eyes. I'll show you how to tie one."

"What about my bigote?"

"Keep it trim. Don't let it grow over your lip. You can't be a man without one, anyway. All real waiters should have one."

Inside, none of the waiters had one. They were clean shaven and their blue eyes sparkled like cat eyes when they looked out the window. Macario was annoyed by his reflection. The way it thinned out into nothing when he moved slightly. Que bueno que Lupita is here with me, he told himself. Inside he looked for the fat figure of the manager.

The whole front wall of La Crème where Macario and Lupita waited was made of smooth white soap stone with a Spanish Baroque mural of the world painted on. Western Europe was clearly defined and larger than the other continents. A white sheet of ice with whales and polar bears represented the Arctic. Trade routes extended out in red from Spain to the tip of Southern Africa, around India and onto the Orient. A brown silk scarf painted over Eastern China draped out into the ocean. Routes extended out onto Florida, where a conquistador in metal armor was drinking from the fountain of youth, and up to Canada where a beaver with thick white teeth and black eyes stared at Macario no matter where he stood. Greek Gods blew trade winds up the coast of South America and you made out the brown breasts of native women in gold and silver necklaces. In the Pacific, sea monsters wrapped their long tentacles around large wooden sailing ships and the broken masts and sails dragged behind them in the ocean. Sailors picked desperately at the tentacles with harpoons.

A HUNCHED over white couple and an old blind black man had left their dogs tied to the parking meters outside La Crème. The old couple talked a lot as they walked inside. The blind black man walked in slowly, as if it hurt to lift his feet. His dog—tall, skinny, and turning gray—lay on the ground, its ears flat against its head. Macario thought it nice the way Americans took care of their dogs, how they kept them longer than their children.

When the breeze calmed, you smelled the flowers planted outside La Crème. A thin garden leaning up against the soap stone wall, covering Antarctica and the tip of South America. They were made up of roses, jasmines, carnations, and narcissus, along with well-watered plants of catnip and chickweed, all inside a green picket fence.

Lupita loved the smell of flowers. She sat by them with her legs pulled up close to her chest. Macario knew they reminded her of Palenque. That morning in front of the restaurant, Lupita took it upon herself to keep the dogs tightly wound around the parking meters; away from the garden.

"If the Virgen wants it, you'll have a garden again, Lupita. Miguel Buendia claims the tips are good here."

"I'm sure they are, mi amor. I'll grow it so much nicer than this one, too. These roots aren't getting good water."

"Really." Macario looked blankly at the dirt. Lupita stood up.

"I'll go inside and get them some."

"You can't do that at a place like this, mi amor."

She walked right past him.

"Lupel They don't give mierda about dry dirt. What about my job? Lupita raised both hands behind her head.

She whispered, "coward."

"What?"

"Nothing! How much longer must we wait out here with the dogs?"

"The manager said that because I was early, I would have to wait."

"I didn't like the way he talked to you."

"Por favor, Lupita."

The clouds had begun to break. To Macario, the clouds looked like cotton candy. He liked to make figures in them, but it was difficult to do without a beer in his hand. In Palenque, collecting coffee beans in the fields one day, he saw wild horses riding north in the clouds. Many other campesinos saw them too, drinking warm tequila on their siesta under

the heavy shade of a willow tree. He told Lupita that night while they made love. She slipped off him in the dark. Still breathing hard and shallow, sweat glistening off the soft inside curves of her breast, collecting in small pockets under them like dawn leaves overfilling with rain, she leaned over him.

"It was in the tracks last night, by the chicken coop," she said. "It's now or never, Macario. We have to go. Por favor."

"But, our house."

"The PRI will come here, too. It's now or never."

"And the horses?"

"Macario, it's now or never."

She dripped on his forehead, into his eyes and down his cheekbones, into his open lips, a steady stream.

"What does it taste like," she asked.

"The ocean."

"Is it good?"

"Si."

"You know what the meaning to life is, Macario?"

"No."

"It's not horses."

"No?"

"It's the salt. It's all a small matter of regulating the salt."

"Oh."

"Panfilo is dead. His mujer, raped."

"Si."

"Do you understand, now?"

"No."

"It's now or never."

"Si."

"What does it taste like, Macario?"

"The ocean."

STILL SITTING by the garden outside La Crème, clear drops of sweat trickled down Lupita's forehead. Macario bent to kiss them and she turned quickly, her hair whipping across his face. She clipped her hair back in a ponytail. To Macario it looked like the braided tail of a horse with a hint of purple in the sun. He tried again.

"Not now," she said, leaning over the fence to smell a carnation.

She's just tired, Macario told himself. I'm tired, too. I won't leave until the manager comes out again. He tugged at the top button of his shirt and blew into it. He blew again, hard, until the bottom end puffed out slightly. Then, in between the traffic noise and music coming from inside the caf  s, as if from under the skin of the warm afternoon, he heard the distinctive color of Chatita's hoofsteps. Lupita sat pensive by the garden. It was Chatita, he thought. He looked for her. Down the street. Behind him. Lupita didn't hear them, he thought. Same clatter, quick gallop; and she was gone. It was her, though. Her trot. "Hers only," he whispered.

"What was that, asked Lupita. Did you say something?"

"No."

"Why are you talking to yourself then?"

"This god damn sun."

"You need your beer?"

"Did you hear hoovesteps?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing."

"What steps?"

"Nothing. Go back to your flowers."

"Are you getting angry at me?"

"Forget it. Just, shut the fuck up!"

"Someone's coming, Macario."

Macario made out the figure of someone getting clearer, solid, in the tinted window. A short bald man in a food-stained apron stepped out halfway. His hands were cracked, brown, small, and he wiped them against his apron in a downward motion, turning them over to wipe the backs, and back over.

"It's getting muy caliente out here," he said, squinting at the sun. Macario and Lupita both nodded in agreement.

"The manager needs both of you to face away from the window. It makes the customers nervous."

Lupita stood and took a step toward him, "And when will he be coming out to talk to my husband?"

"Don't know, Senora."

"But we've been out here all morning!"

Macario placed a palm heavily on Lupita's shoulder.

"Well do you know the roots aren't getting enough water," she said.

Macario Squeezed.

"I just wash dishes, Senora."

She turned away.

"It's OK," said Macario. "Can you let the manager know I'm still here?"

The man nodded and pulled the door shut behind him. He signaled Macario with his index finger to face the other way.

"A stupid worthless dishwasher," Lupita said.

American women walked in and out of stores with fancy paper bags tapping against their ankles. With a waitering job, Lupita will shop like them, Macario thought. Everything is only a slight matter of money. She'll walk into the shops with the 30% sale signs propped up on the sidewalk. They always remind Lupita of Palenque, he thought. She tells me that. Only in Palenque it's war propaganda.

Across the street, two young women sat on a bench facing the harbor sharing a cigarette.

"Funny how they take turns laughing," Lupita said. Macario quietly agreed, daydreaming of Chatita.

"They're pretty, aren't they," she asked.

Macario liked the way their blond hair hung over the back of the bench. He imagined riding into church in Palenque on Chatita, her blond tail swinging from side to side, the way the women's hair on the bench swung when they kissed each other. Pulling the reins, tightening the bit, sitting tall with a gray sombrero angled over his eyes; feeling her flinch under his legs, warm, obedient, sensitive to his every move on the saddle, the way Lupita used to be. He'd leave Chatita tied, run his hand along her body as he walked into church. It was a brick church, built west to face the river, dark inside, the walls lined with Saints, the murmur of people praying on their knees, candles, square stained windows depicting Christ on his way to be nailed; an altar of the Virgin de Guadalupe with a child, her face copper stained, cooked almost, one hand on the child's heart. He'd kneel for the Rosary in front so the Virgin could see him, thinking only of Lupita over the murmur of prayers, his house, Chatita, Lupita, his house, Chatita, Lupita, his house, Chatita; feel the Virgin miss him in the people.

"They've got beautiful hair. I like their hair," he said.

"What about my hair?"

"Your hair is nice, too. Lovely. I like it when you clip it back, the way

it swings from side to side.”

“But theirs is so blond.”

Up and down the street people sat waiting, talking, drinking coffee. We too are waiting, Macario told himself. Ours is a different waiting, like a horse ready to run, stomping its rear hoof in anticipation. I know she dislikes this of us. Next month will be different. I won't need much tequila with this job. What I save will be something nice for Lupita. A dress, perhaps. One the soft brown color of my uncle Panfilo's, Chatita. He never wanted me near her. Afraid, she'd fall for me, no doubt. I mounted her anyway that night. Full of terror for my uncle and throbbing anticipation for Chatita, I walked over to her. My flashlight pointing out straight in the dark. Everywhere you heard the groans of frogs fucking under the thin light of the waning moon. They were bad in the fall. Don Rulfo's little girl died that week before taking a piss. Cigarro, they called her. I stepped carefully over the frogs. Doctors claimed there was little sugar in Cigarro's blood. Lupita's grandmother swore a frog licked her while she pissed. The wind was strong and heavy and bent the trees away from Chatita. Walking toward her, I heard my name in it, faint, soft, it would lose itself. Once inside, she stood there awake. Tail swinging nervously up and down. Dark large eyes shinning like two soft lamps in a crevasse of my soul. She held me in them. Knelt as I dug my fingers into the muscles on her back. I mounted her smoothly from behind. Ear pressed firmly against her back, listening to her breathing, her head rubbing up and down against the wall, her heart beat quickening, the window flaps creaking in and out in the wind; then came the yells and screams of the PRI coming through the trees across the river. Their horses neighed as they splashed through the water. Rifles slapping against the leather saddles, the ground trembling under the measured gallop of their hoovesteps.

“I'll return,” I promised her, slipped off her in the dark, buried myself in the hayloft. The yells became loud outside.

“Montoya! Come out to die, hijo de puta. You coward!” Angry hollow yells as if coming from the earth itself. A whistle blew. They tore the door down with the butts of their rifles. I whispered a prayer for my life, choked on hay.

“What beautiful brown eyes you have,” one told Chatita. “And look at the way your skin trembles.” A rifle clicked. The men became silent. The silhouette of the rifle rising slowly in the dark. Five loud shots rang

out! Bats scattered overhead. She shook, legs crumbled, expired on the dirt, gas whistling out the holes in her stomach.

LUPITA HAD not taken her eyes off the two women sitting on the bench across the street. She found a table near them under the shade of a big palm leaf, and sat with her legs crossed. Every time a young woman walked by, Lupita would make an effort to be noticed. She looked peaceful in the chair, with the calm of the coming afternoon in her, only more immense. She'd throw her head back and show the soft curves of her slim neck.

"You see what she does," Macario asked the dog. "She's bored of sitting out here, and them walking in their thin dresses. Fuck, this hijo de puta manager who won't come out." The dog lay on the concrete, curved around the meter, eyes closed.

A waiter walked out to refill Lupita's cup and place a new napkin under her saucer. He leaned over her and she giggled as he talked.

"What's this?" asked Macario.

The dog's ears raised for a moment and fell back down. A young thin blond woman wearing combat boots and short-cropped hair walked by. Lupita waved her down beside her.

The woman wore loose khakis, a white tee-shirt, outlining her small breasts, tucked neatly in her pants, and when sitting leaned back and allowed her thin arms to hang at her sides. She put a box of Winston Reds on the table. Slipped one between her lips and lit it with a silver lighter. Lupita leaned over the table, seized the cigarette between her middle and index finger and slid it between her lips.

"Did you see that!" The dog opened his eyes. Big cloudy eyes like old church stained glass offended by the sun too long.

"She doesn't like smoking." The dog continued looking at Macario. Macario at the dog.

"To be old like you, amigo." One eye was slightly cloudier than the other. In the beginning, when Lupita and him picnicked on the beach, eating tortillas with salt kept warm in aluminum foil, the sky over the harbor was always cloudier than the one above them. Those mornings Lupita liked to be buried in the sand, facing the harbor to look out past the oil tankers and stretch of rocks lined three miles out where the light-house stood, to look far off into the ocean with an empty stare that seemed to notice crabs climbing out on muscle covered rocks on some

Alaskan shore, getting pounded by the tide; and left Macario with a worthless feeling in his stomach when she glanced at him.

Some days the clouds would puff up like in Palenque, and one day he saw Chatita in a cloud. Same gallop, trot, and soft cadence to her hoofsteps. She looked very peaceful, like in the stall that night, floating away; he looked at her for a very long time, till he recognized Lupita on a flat saddle riding her away from him. She doesn't even like horses, he told himself, and he pictured Lupita, a month before Christmas, sitting on the uncarpeted floor of their tiny house, cutting presents for her little brothers in Palenque out of the Wal-Mart section in the Sunday paper; he saw himself drinking a changirongo at the wooden card table next to the window sill, where he'd placed his drink by the cracked picture frame; allowing the drink to sweat into the cracks of the lead green paint, straining to read the want ads, the news print sliding right off the newspaper.

"What the fuck, Lupel! You call this a changirongo?"

"You ran out of tequila."

"No shit! This is all beer. What'd you do, drop an empty shot glass inside."

"I could only fill it halfway. That's all the tequila you had."

"This is pure, mierdal! Might as well drink water, my own piss even."

She'd place the cut-out clippings in an envelope and slip them in her pillow, pray to the Virgin de Guadalupe for more hours at the clothes factory, and he'd pray too, only he saw Chatita and La PRI and heard the flies buzzing in his uncle Domingo Juarez's room in Palenque: his uncle stuffed under the bed, head kicked in, maggots crawling out his eyes.

UP THE street, the big palm leaf Lupita and the American woman sat under cast a shadow over them. It was lunch time and other people sat in the chairs outside the café. The American woman would lean over the table, just kissing Lupita's ear, and whisper something into it, and Lupita would uncross her legs and switch one over the other. They kept this up for some time. Macario watching, wondering what was going on when he heard the door open behind him.

"You still here," asked a fat voice.

Macario reached out to shake the manager's hand. The manager looked at it and continued, his cheeks jiggling.

"Listen, young man. I know I made it known to you there was a

waitering position available. But immigration, La Migra, has been making its presence known around here lately."

Macario stared at him expressionless.

"In other words, I've filled it with a more qualified applicant, one with papeles," and he pretended to sign something on his hand when he said papeles. Up the street, Lupita and the girl shared the same cup of coffee now. Macario felt his chest tightening, and began picking at his cuticles.

"Now, now. I know you're probably a tad malcontent, but I do have a dishwasher position befitting someone of your credentials."

The manager held his left hand flat and in a circular motion washed it with his right.

"It naturally is a low-profile position, comprende? I have to look out for my own. You comprehend, don't you? Are you interested?"

Macario stood tall like a waiter would stand. I can be a waiter, he told himself. The words echoed deep inside him and he tried spitting them out at the manager, but they were lost in a wave forming in his stomach, surging up his throat, collecting there, drowning him.

"Well speak your voice, young man! Or do you not have one? Are you currently employed?"

"No, Senor."

"Well, you're employed now." The manager's cheeks turned pink as he said this. "Show up tomorrow at 7 a.m., pronto. Arrive through the alley and have Miguel tour you around the place. Make sure he shows you where everything is." The manager raised his hand and Macario shook it. It was sweaty, his fingers soft and pink like warm burritos.

"Asta la vista," said the manager. He grabbed the door handle and leaned back, using his weight to get the door open. It shut quietly behind him.

At the table, Lupita held the woman's wrist with her left hand now. She walked the fingers of her right up and down the woman's forearm. The woman loved it. She'd smile, elated. The clouds had begun to break over the harbor when Lupita suddenly noticed Macario staring at them. She stood quick, pulling her friend up with her. The coffee spilled. Lupita still held the woman's wrist in her hand and she pushed it back at her. They tried frantically to clean the spill with napkins. The young waiter appeared with his rag and wiped the table. Lupita said something to the woman, smiled at her and walked back down the street to

Macario, holding her smile

"Did you get it," she asked, trying to sound exited.

"Si i no."

"What do you mean. Are you working or not?"

"Yes, but not as a waiter."

"I'm sorry mi amor. But a job is a job, no. It'll be OK."

"And your, amiga. Who is she?"

"When do you start?"

"Who's your friend?"

"Will you be staying late?"

"Who is she, Lupel?"

Lupita took a small step back toward the garden.

"She's a professor at the City College. She studies women."

"What for?"

"What do you mean what for. It's very important."

"She's a doctor, then."

"No! She studies women, tonto."

Macario said nothing. He aggressively took in the aroma of coffee in the air, nostrils flaring, trying to keep it all down. Why the fuck would someone study women, he wondered, rubbing his hands into a ball.

"Can you believe she was talking to me. She thinks I should take classes at the college. She says she can help me enroll."

He stood there looking at the table where Lupita and the girl had met. The sun covered half of it.

"What about the garden," he asked, still looking at the table.

"Oh, sweetheart. In that tiny place?"

On the table Macario could see the shadow moving slowly over the sun.

"You know what, let's just go," she said. "My back hurts. I need a bath."

Without saying anything else, she walked off. Macario watched her go. He swore there was a subtle gallop to her walk. Just before her front foot left the ground her back foot rushed too quickly forward. He felt a dizzy sinking feeling in his stomach watching her feet move away from him. Like on a horse, racing down a steep gravel road as it stumbles on a wet spot, trips over a loose rock, and tips him over. He went over to the garden, bent to the roses covering the tip of South America and

grabbed one close to the bloom so as not to prick his finger. He snapped it halfway down the stem, then another and another. He shielded them behind his back and began running after her, yelling her name over people's heads:

"Lupita! Lupita! Lupita!"

He ran into people's shoulders like he used to against the corn in the fields, a glimmer of her black hair in the distance, protecting the roses behind his back the whole way, ready to hand to Lupita when he walked in the door.

Moose, Caribou, Brown Bear & King Salmon Lipid Composition: A Comparative Study

Clarissa Embach

Abstract

Aquatic and terrestrial diets influence mammal fatty acid composition. Fatty acid composition was studied for three terrestrial mammals: brown bear (*Ursus arctos*), caribou (*Rangifer tarandus groenlandicus*), and moose (*Alces alces*), and for a marine fish—king salmon (*Salmo salar*). Muscle and adipose tissue samples for brown bear, caribou, and moose were obtained from hunters around the area of Nelchina, Alaska. King salmon samples were obtained from the Cook Inlet. The fatty acids were esterified and analyzed using a gas chromatograph and mass spectrometer.

Once the fatty acid profiles were determined and quantified, the fatty acid profiles for each group were compared. Summary of all data for individual fatty acids are presented in concentration, percent of fatty acid, percent lipid, and percent crude fat. The percent of extracted crude fat from muscle tissue averaged less than 3% for moose, caribou, and brown bear, but averaged about 9% for salmon. Since salmon store their energy reserves (triglycerides) in muscle tissue where mammals store their energy reserves in adipose tissue, salmon will have more crude fat. Salmon and brown bear were higher in polyunsaturated fatty acids, with 20% contribution to total fatty acid. Brown bears consume a large amount of salmon during the late summer to midfall, so the high contribution of polyunsaturated fatty acid in brown bear fatty acid profile is evidence of contribution of a marine diet. Moose and caribou have 10% and 13% of polyunsaturated fatty acid, respectively. This is

likely due to the fact that terrestrial diet is deficient in long polyunsaturated fatty acid. The major fatty acid contributors present in moose and caribou were saturated, while in salmon the major fatty acid contributors were monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fatty acids.

Introduction

Dietary fatty acids affect the fatty acid composition of muscle and adipose tissues of terrestrial mammals and marine organisms. Understanding the foraging ecology of organisms gives information on how organisms function within ecosystems (Iverson, Frost, & K.J., 1997). The predation of moose, caribou, and king salmon by brown bear can possibly be determined by comparing their profiles to signatures of fatty acid of prey and predator. The analysis of fatty acid composition of muscle and adipose tissues of terrestrial and marine fatty acid composition is a potential technique for determining changes in compositions and components of their diet.

Fatty acids are the largest component of lipids. Marine organisms are mainly composed of a diversity of long chain polyunsaturated fatty acids (Smith, Iverson, & Bowen, 1997). They are obtained directly or indirectly from prey that they consume, phytoplankton and seaweed (Smith, Iverson, & Bowen, 1997). Terrestrial mammals obtain their dietary fatty acids either directly or indirectly from their prey. Terrestrial plants do not contain large concentrations of long polyunsaturated fatty acids as marine plants do (Kuhnlein, Kubow, & Soueida, 1991), so mammal fatty acid composition is mainly saturated and monounsaturated fatty acids. Dietary fatty acids composed of carbon lengths greater than 14 passes through the digestive track either with a few or no modifications. They are deposited into muscle or adipose tissues (Smith, Iverson, & Bowen, 1997). Thus, fatty acid profiles can perhaps be used to determine predation habits of predators.

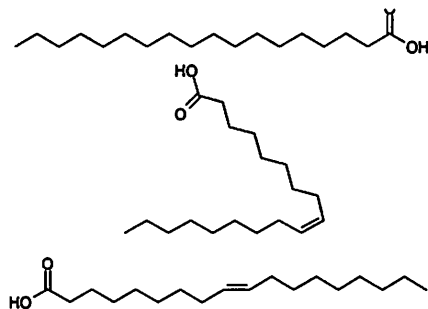
Fatty Acids

Fatty acids consist of a terminal acidic carboxyl group with a long hydrocarbon chain. Although free fatty acids are present in minute quantities in cells and fluids, fatty acids are rarely unesterified. Rather, most fatty acids are components of complex molecules. Most naturally occurring fatty acids are straight-chained and have an even number of carbons, but odd numbered fatty acids do occasionally occur naturally (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985; Zubay, 1993). Fatty acids with hydrocarbon chains that are branched and have functional groups, such

as cyclopropane or cyclopropene rings, are produced by plants and microorganisms (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985).

Figure 1. The Structural Formula of Some C18 Fatty Acids.

Stearic acid does not contain any double bonds and is fully extended. Cis-oleic acid contains a single bond that is in the cis conformation, giving the molecule a 30° bend. Trans-oleic acid contains a single bond that is in the trans conformation, giving the molecule a fully extended structure.



Saturated, monounsaturated, and polyunsaturated are three different types of fatty acids. Saturated fatty acids do not contain carbon—carbon double bonds, and the generic structure of a saturated fatty acid is $\text{CH}_3(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{COOH}$. Saturated fatty acids consisting of eight or less carbons are liquid at room temperature, and fatty acids consisting of ten or more carbons are solid at room temperature (25°C). Since there is free rotation around the carbon—carbon bonds, saturated fatty acids are flexible and have a wide range of conformations. The fully extended conformation has the lowest energy because steric interferences are at the minimum. The melting point of saturated fatty acids are higher than unsaturated because the packing is efficient between saturated fatty acids. The melting point temperature increases with increasing mass (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985; Zubay, 1993).

Unsaturated fatty acids contain double bonds in the aliphatic chain, and the generic structure of an unsaturated fatty acid is $\text{CH}_3(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{CH}=\text{CH}(\text{CH}_2)_m\text{COOH}$. Unsaturated fatty acids consisting of one double bond are called monounsaturated fatty acids, and unsaturated fatty acids consisting of two or more double bonds are called polyunsaturated fatty acids. Cis conformations of unsaturated fatty acids occur naturally and are predominate, and while trans confor-

mations are rare, they do occur naturally (Gurr & James, 1980). Figure 1 shows the structural differences between cis and trans structures. The cis structure contains a 30° bend that interferes with efficient packing and van der Waals interactions, thus, the melting point and fluidity increases with degree of increased unsaturation (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985; Zubay, 1993).

The predominate fatty acids present in mammal tissues are palmitic, stearic, linoleic, and oleic acid (Table 1). Linoleic and linolenic acid are not synthesized by mammals, but plants are able to synthesize these acids. Plants are the main source of these essential fatty acids for mammals (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985). Triglycerides are neutral lipids with all three hydroxyl groups of a glycerol esterified to a fatty acid. Monoglycerides and diglycerides are glycerides with one and two esterified glycerol hydroxyl group, respectively (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985; Zubay, 1993). Triglycerides have two major functions: They serve as an energy reserve and insulate the body from the cold (Hadley, 1985).

Lipid Membrane

No living organism is capable of functioning with a lipid membrane solid at body temperature, approximately 37°C (Gurr & James, 1980). Most saturated fatty acids are solid at room temperature, so complex lipids are incorporated into lipid membrane. Complex lipids include phospholipids, sphingolipids, cholesterol, and unsaturated fatty acids are added to insure fluidity (Gurr and James, 1980).

Formation of the fatty acids in adipose and muscle tissue involve complex metabolic processes that depend on genetic metabolic activity, incorporation of fatty acid from diet, and endogenous and exogenous metabolism (Käkelä and Hyvärinen, 1996; Käkelä, 1996; Hadley, 1985; Gunstone, 1996). Animal lipids are obtained either directly or indirectly from diet, mainly from consuming plants (Hadley, 1985). During photosynthesis, plants produce fatty acids, and the major fatty acid produced is palmitic acid (C16:0). Palmitic acid is an essential fatty acid for animals (Hadley, 1985). Fatty acids are incorporated into lipids either unchanged from diet or with minor reconstruction following intake or digestion (Hadley, 1985). Other lipids are synthesized from non-lipid components either through de novo or elongation systems (Hadley, 1985).

Storage

The chemical energy consumed by organisms is grouped into three

categories: carbohydrates, proteins, and lipids (Hadley, 1985). Energy requirements are usually satisfied immediately upon ingestion and digestion of food or synthesized compounds. During starvation and intense activity, the energy expended is greater than the energy input, so an organism must rely on its own catabolism of previously stored energy (Hadley, 1985). An organism will store lipids for a variety of needs such as growth and maintenance. How lipids are stored and utilized depends on availability of food, precipitation, and environment (Hadley, 1985). Triglycerides and wax esters are two principal forms of storage of lipids in fish. The fatty acid composition of marine organisms is a reflection of diet (Hadley, 1985; Mead, et. al., 1986; Käkälä, 1996). Since marine plankton synthesize a high percent of polyunsaturated fatty acid, marine organisms have a high percentage of long polyunsaturated fatty acid that reflects a marine diet (Mead, et. al., 1986).

Adipose tissue present in fish is in limited quantities, and adipose tissue content in fish is in lower proportion than with adipose deposits in animals. Muscle tissue of fish is either white muscle or red muscle, and they serve two different purposes. Red muscles provide repulsive force for a steady slow to medium speed to sustain swimming, and white muscle is primarily for a short-term swimming burst to capture prey (Hadley, 1985). The fat content in red meat is at least twice that of white muscles, and red muscle fish oxidizes fatty acids ten times more rapidly than white muscle fish (Hadley, 1985).

The critical role of adipose tissue for mammals is to serve as stored energy. Fat deposits give the ability for mammals to survive food shortages and stress from severe weather. Storage fats also provide energy for competition of a mate or mates, territorial defense, heat production, and thermal insulation (Hadley, 1985). The development of the adipose tissue is important to the survival of mammals. Fat deposits are highly dependent on food availability.

Regulation

The regulation of the lipid membrane is to maintain fluidity for maximizing membrane function and maintain a constant state against external factors (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985; Thompson, 1992). Cellular processes are vital for the integrity, survival, and preservation of an organism (Thompson, 1992). The fluidity of the lipid membrane is dependent primarily on the composition of the lipid and the organism's environment (Gurr & James, 1980; Hadley, 1985; Thompson, 1992).

Northern aquatic, semi-aquatic, and terrestrial animals experience seasonal changes consisting of severe environmental conditions, which include cold water, cold temperatures, and snow (Käkelä, 1996; Käkelä & Soueida, 1996; Thompson, 1992). Fatty acid metabolism modifies the lipid membrane to maintain constant fluidity against environmental perturbation. Through complex fatty acid metabolisms, either unsaturated or saturated fatty acids are incorporated into the hydrophobic component of the membrane to control membrane fluidity (Thompson, 1992). At extremely cold temperatures, the proportion of unsaturated fatty acids increase because they have low melting points and increased membrane fluidity (Hadley, 1985; Thompson, 1992).

Analytic Methods

Samples

Pieces, each having a mass between 5.0 g and 20.0 g, of adipose and muscle tissue from various parts of seventeen caribou, five moose and sixteen grizzly bears were obtained from hunters near and around Nelchina, Alaska between December 1996 and May 1997. Once the samples reached Anchorage, they were kept frozen at -30°C.

Ten 100 g samples of king salmon were collected from the Cook Inlet between April and May 1995. The samples were transported to Anchorage while packed in ice, and frozen at -70°C.

Lipid Extraction

Lipids were extracted and purified from all the mammal and salmon samples. Samples of approximately 20.0 g of tissue were homogenized in a blender with 200 mL 3:2 hexane: isopropanol for three consecutive 30-second bursts. Between bursts, the samples were placed on ice for 60 seconds. Following the homogenization, the samples were rinsed with 50 mL of 7:1 hexane: isopropanol. The homogenate was vacuumed filter in a medium porosity fritted glass Büchner funnel to remove the remaining solids.

Non-lipids were removed from the extracted filtrate by adding 240 mL of aqueous 0.47 M sodium sulfate in a separatory funnel. Once the solution equilibrated, the organic solution (lipids) was extracted. The filtrate was concentrated with a Zymark: TurboVap II Concentration Workstation at 50°C. Placing the vials in a heating block at 25°C completed the evaporation, and nitrogen gas was blown on the samples. After the evaporation was complete, the samples were placed under argon gas and kept frozen at -30°C until analyzed.

Esterification

The fatty acids from 10.0 mg of lipid extract and 1.5 mg internal standard, capric acid (C10:0), were saponified in a 5 mL capped test tube by heating the oil or fat at 80°C for 30 minutes in 1.0 mL alcoholic 0.5 M KOH in methanol. After the mixture cooled to room temperature, 2.0 mL of boron trifluoride in methanol at 100°C for 10 minutes, the samples were quenched with 2 mL of de-ionized water. The esterified fatty acids were extracted from the solution with 1.0 mL hexane.

Gas-Liquid Chromatography

Comparing the retention times to a set of standards identified the fatty acid methyl ester of the samples. The same process of methylation was used on the standard fatty acids so consistency would be maintained. The standards and samples were analyzed with a Hewlet Packard 5890A Gas Chromatograph equipped with a flame ionization detector (FID). Additional confirmation of fatty acids was made by using Hewlet Packard 5970 Series Mass Selective Detector. The samples were injected onto a 0.25mm x 30m Supelco SP2330 WCOT capillary column with a 0.20 m film with the injection temperature at 250°C, detector at a temperature of 300°C and helium flow rate at 1 mL/min. The oven temperature was programmed to begin at 100°C and increase by 5°C/min until a temperature 250°C was reached.

Computations

Brown bear, caribou, moose, and king salmon tissues were analyzed for their fatty acid content. Sixteen fatty acid peaks were identified. The concentration in g/100g of tissue was calculated and the percentage was determined for each fatty acid peak by comparing the internal standard area to sample area to standardized concentration curve. Once the total lipid concentration was determined, the total lipid percent of tissue was calculated. The average and standard deviation for each fatty acid was computed (Table 2) and the average total lipid percent in muscle tissue and standard deviation was computed using the data analysis package (descriptive statistics) in Microsoft Office '95 Excel. For brown bear, caribou, moose, and king salmon, their fatty acid composition was compared using ANOVA: single factor in Microsoft Office '95 Excel.

Results

The total percent of lipid per gram of muscle tissue and the total percent of crude fat extracted from brown bear, moose, caribou, and king salmon is represented in Table 1. The total extracted crude fat from

muscle tissue of king salmon samples were the highest with 8.67 (± 1.45)%, but compared to the total crude fat extracted from muscle tissue of brown bear, moose, and caribou samples were much less with composition of 2.17 (± 0.42)%, 3.05 (± 1.24)%, and 2.29 (± 0.26)% respectively. Since king salmon store their energy reserves (triglycerides) in muscle tissue, while brown bear, moose, and caribou mainly store their energy reserves (triglycerides) in adipose tissue, salmon has more fat in its muscle (Hadley, 1985).

Table 1. Lipid Percent and Extracted Fat Percent in Muscle Tissue

	Percent Lipid per g of Tissue	Percent of Extracted Fat
Bear Flesh (n = 16)	1.16 (± 0.32)	2.17 (± 0.42)
Caribou (n = 17)	1.82 (± 0.37)	2.29 (± 0.26)
Moose (n = 5)	1.16 (± 0.56)	3.05 (± 1.24)
King Salmon (n = 10)	2.64 (± 0.48)	8.67 (± 1.45)

The total fatty acid composition of brown bear, moose, caribou, and king salmon is represented in Table 2. The saturated fatty acids were higher in greater abundance for terrestrial mammals (brown bear, caribou, and moose) when compared to king salmon (marine fish). The fatty acid composition between king salmon and terrestrial mammals differed considerably. The major saturated fatty acids present in terrestrial mammals were palmitic and stearic acid, which contributed 20% to 23% and 10% to 20% respectively of the total fatty acid content. The major saturated fatty acids present in king salmon were 18.6% palmitic, 6.1% heptadecanoic, and 4.3% stearic acid. Saturated fatty acids are a minor fatty acid constituent in the king salmon samples.

Monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fatty acids are the primary fatty acid constituents for the king salmon samples, contributing to 50.2% and 20.1% respectively, while polyunsaturated fatty acids are only a minor constituents in moose and caribou, with 10.5% and 13.9% respectively. Monounsaturated fatty acids contributions in the mammals are comparable to king salmon, with 50.4% in moose and 47.8% in caribou that is less than 1% difference. The large percent of polyunsaturated fatty acids in mature king salmon reflects a marine diet, while the low

percentage of polyunsaturated fatty acids in moose and caribou reflects a terrestrial diet (Mead, et. Al., 1986; Käkälä, 1996).

In brown bear, moose, and caribou samples, the predominate saturated fatty acids are palmitic acid (C16:0) and stearic acid (C18:0), and the predominant unsaturated fatty acids are oleic acid (C18:1 ω 9), linoleic acid (C18:2 ω 6), and erucic acid (C22:1). The brown bear, moose, and caribou samples were comprised of relatively equal abundance of palmitic acid, with 22.9%, 20.6%, and 21.1% respectively, but the moose contained a greater proportion of stearic acid, with 18.3% compared to brown bear with 9.1% and caribou with 15.8%. Moose samples were comprised of 45.8% oleic acid but brown bear and caribou had considerably less proportion, contributing only 31.7% and 39.0%. The brown bear samples contained higher quantities of linoleic acid, with 12.2% compared to moose with 5.1% and caribou with 10.3 %.

Of the polyunsaturated fatty acids, the ω 3 to ω 6 ratio was greatest for the king salmon samples, as expected, with 9.18. The moose had a 1.25 ω 3 to ω 6 ratio, which is large when compared to caribou and brown bear with 0.47 and 0.49 respectively. The contribution of ω 6 polyunsaturated fatty acid of total polyunsaturated fatty acid was greatest in brown bear with 12.2%, and the least was in salmon with 2.0%. The caribou and moose samples were composed of 10.3% and 5.1% ω 6 polyunsaturated fatty acids. Conversely, king salmon samples had the largest percent of ω 3 polyunsaturated fatty acid with 18.1%, while brown bear samples contained 7.2%, moose samples contained 5.4%, and caribou contained 2.8%.

Discussion

Fatty acid content varies between different species and between different tissues within species and is dependent on feeding habits, seasonal factors, and geography (Innis & Kuhnlein, 1987). The saturated fatty acids content was in greater proportion in the terrestrial mammal samples compared to king salmon samples (marine fish). Moose contained the greatest proportion of saturated fatty acid and king salmon and brown bear samples contained the greatest proportion of polyunsaturated fatty acid.

Since terrestrial diet does not provide a good source of polyunsaturated fatty acids, moose and caribou samples were lacking polyunsaturated fatty acids because plants have a negligible amount of polyunsaturated fatty acids (Käkälä, Hyvärinen, 1996), except for linoleic acid

Fatty Acid	Bear Flesh (n = 16)		Caribou (n = 17)	
	Concentration	% Total FA	Concentration	% Total FA
14:0	tr		tr	
16:0	0.26 (± 0.20) ^c	22.9 (± 4.1)	0.45 (± 0.38) ^c	21.1 (± 7.7)
16:1ω 7	0.06 (± 0.06) ^c	4.3 (± 2.5) ^a	0.03 (± 0.02) ^c	1.6 (± 0.5) ^{a,c}
17:0	0.02 (± 0.01) ^c	1.4 (± 1.0)	0.03 (± 0.02) ^c	1.1 (± 0.2) ^d
18:0	0.12 (± 0.08) ^{a,b,c}	9.1 (± 3.1) ^{a,b,c}	0.30 (± 0.27) ^a	15.8 (± 4.8) ^{a,c}
18:1ω 9	0.52 (± 0.58) ^c	31.7 (± 13.1) ^c	0.84 (± 0.82)	39.0 (± 14.7)
18:1ω 11	tr		tr	
18:2ω 6	0.17 (± 0.19)	12.2 (± 7.6) ^c	0.19 (± 0.16)	10.3 (± 7.5) ^c
18:3ω 3	0.03 (± 0.01) ^{b,c}	1.7 (± 1.2)	tr	
20:1ω 11	0.02 (± 0.01) ^c	2.3 (± 1.3) ^c	tr	
20:1ω 9	0.16 (± 0.42)	3.4 (± 0.8)	tr	
22:1	0.05 (± 0.03) ^{a,c}	5.1 (± 4.5) ^c	0.11 (± 0.09) ^{a,c}	7.2 (± 5.4) ^c
20:5ω 3	tr		tr	
24:1	tr		tr	
22:5ω 3	0.02 (± 0.02) ^c	3.1 (± 1.8) ^c	0.08 (± 0.17)	2.8 (± 3.2)
22:6ω 3	0.03 (± 0.02) ^c	2.4 (± 3.1) ^c	tr	
Total	1.46		2.03	
Total SAT FA	0.40	33.4	0.76	38.0
Total MUFA	0.81	46.7	0.98	47.8
Total PUFA	0.25	19.4	0.27	13.9
Totalω 6 FA	0.17	12.2	0.19	10.3
Totalω 3 FA	0.08	7.2	0.08	2.8
ω 3/ω 6 Ratio = 0.49		ω 3/ω 6 Ratio = 0.47		

Values Followed by^a Bear vs. Caribou,^b Bear vs. Moose,^c Bear vs. K. Salmon,^d and ^e K. Salmon vs. Moose; are significantly different (p<0.05)

Values Followed by:^a Bear vs. Caribou;^b Bear vs. Moose;^c Bear vs. K. vs. Moose are significantly different (p<0.05)

Table 3. Fatty Acid Composition (g/100g) of Bear, Caribou, Moose,

Moose, Caribou, Brown Bear . . .

Moose (n = 5)		King Salmon (n = 10)	
Concentration	% Total FA	Concentration	% Total FA
tr		0.08 (± 0.09)	5.2 (± 0.4)
0.45 (± 0.05)	20.6 (± 2.3)	1.02 (± 0.56) ^{ce}	18.6 (± 4.0)
0.03 (± 0.02) ^f	1.8 (± 0.9) ^f	0.35 (± 0.21) ^{cef}	6.1 (± 1.0) ^f
0.04 (± 0.03)	1.6 (± 0.3) ^{df}	0.06 (± 0.03) ^{ce}	1.1 (± 0.2) ^f
0.48 (± 0.58) ^b	18.3 (± 4.2) ^{bf}	0.24 (± 0.15) ^c	4.3 (± 0.6) ^{cef}
1.01 (± 1.10)	45.8 (± 4.6) ^f	1.08 (± 0.74) ^c	18.6 (± 3.5) ^{cef}
tr		0.08 (± 0.09)	1.4 (± 1.1)
0.08 (± 0.08)	5.1 (± 5.3) ^f	0.11 (± 0.06)	2.0 (± 0.2) ^{cef}
0.08 (± 0.04) ^b	3.08 (± 1.5)	0.11 (± 0.13) ^c	1.7 (± 1.0)
tr		0.31 (± 0.31) ^c	6.0 (± 5.1) ^c
tr		0.22 (± 0.18)	3.9 (± 1.4)
0.03 (± 0.03) ^f	2.8 (± 1.8) ^f	0.74 (± 0.42) ^{cef}	13.6 (± 5.2) ^{cef}
tr		0.3 (± 0.17)	5.24
tr		0.07 (± 0.3)	1.20
0.02 (± 0.01) ^f	2.3 (± 1.5)	0.08 (± 0.47) ^{cf}	1.41 ^c
tr		0.52 (± 0.29) ^c	9.72 ^c
2.22		5.37	
0.97	40.5	1.40	29.2
1.07	50.4	2.85	50.2
0.10	10.5	1.12	20.1
0.08	5.1	0.11	2.0
0.10	5.4	1.01	18.1
ω 3/ω 6 Ratio = 1.25		ω 3/ω 6 Ratio = 9.18	
Caribou vs. Moose ^f Caribou vs. K. Salmon;			

Salmon;^d Caribou vs. Moose;^e Caribou vs. K. Salmon; and^f K. Salmon

and King Salmon Flesh

(C18:2 ω 6). Moose and caribou are herbivores and rely on plant sources for energy, and their fatty acid composition is dependent on the fatty acid composition of plants. The caribou samples contained less oleic and stearic acid compared to moose samples. A caribou's diet heavily relies on mosses and lichens, but lichens are a poor source of C18 fatty acid, especially C18 unsaturated fatty acid (Gaton, et. al., 1972; Innis & uhnlein, 1987; Appavoo, Kubow, & Kuhnlein, 1991). Thus, caribou contains 16% less oleic acid and 4% less oleic acid compared to moose. The brown bear samples contained relatively the same abundance of polyunsaturated fatty acids as the king salmon samples, which suggests evidence that a portion of bear's diet is obtained from a marine source. The brown bear samples contained 12.2% linoleic acid but king salmon, moose, and caribou samples contained only 2.0%, 5.1%, and 10.3% respectively. This suggests brown bear not only rely on protein as a source of food, but also roots, berries, and plants, which are a good source of linoleic acid.

The marine food web is rich in ω 3 polyunsaturated fatty acid whereas the terrestrial food web is rich in ω 6 polyunsaturated fatty acids (Käkelä, 1996). The king salmon samples had the greatest proportion of ω 3 polyunsaturated fatty acid compared to the brown bear, moose, and caribou samples. Of the ω 3 polyunsaturated fatty acid in the king salmon samples, eicosapentanoic acid (C20:5 ω 3) and docosahexaenoic acid (C22:6 ω 3) were the predominant, but moose and caribou samples only contained trace amount of these fatty acids. Brown bear contained 2.4% of docosahexaenoic acid, which is another indication of marine diet, but trace amounts of eicosapentanoic acid. The marine diet is reflected in the king salmon fatty acid profiles. The terrestrial diet is reflected in the moose and caribou fatty acid profiles, which are high in ω 6 polyunsaturated fatty acid, and a combination of marine and terrestrial diet is reflected in the brown bear fatty acid profiles.

The brown bear samples contained linolenic, eicosenoic (C20:1 ω 11 & C20:1 ω 9), and docosahexaenoic acid, but caribou samples did not contain these fatty acids. The moose samples also did not contain these fatty acids except for linolenic acid with 3.1%. Moose feed on willow trees. Netted willow and mountain sorrel contain linolenic acid (Kuhnlein, Kubow & Soueida, 1991), and the fatty acid composition of moose suggest other types of willow may contain linolenic acid. The

Figure 2. Fatty Acid Composition of Bear, Caribou, Moose, and King Salmon

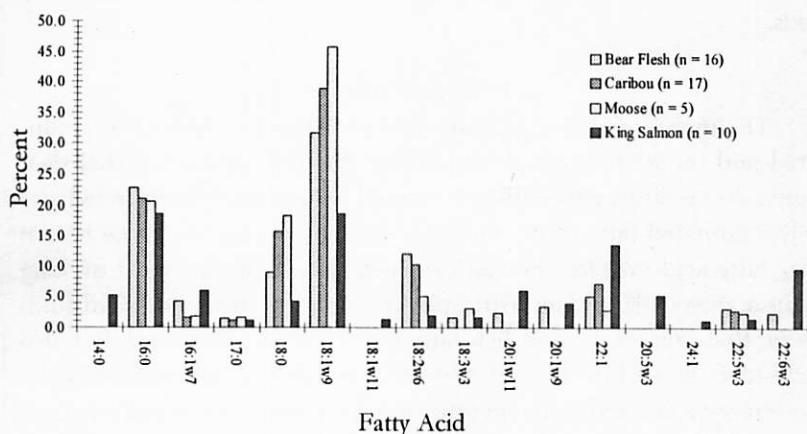
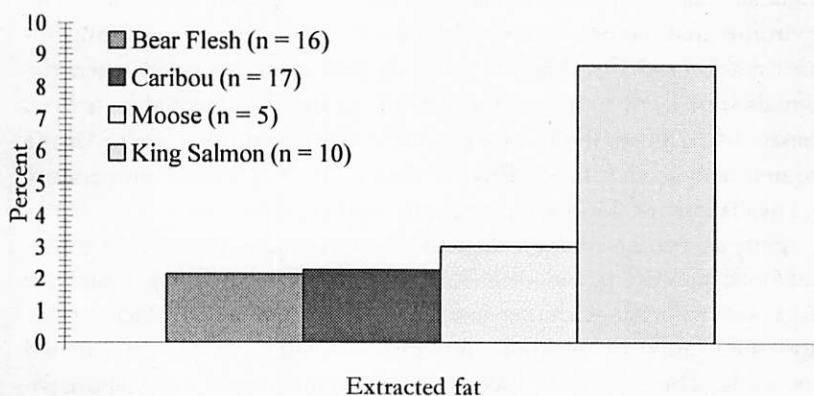


Figure 3. Percent of Extracted Fat from Brown Bear, Caribou, Moose, and King Salmon



brown bear samples contained 4.3% palmitoleic acid (C16:1? 7), 5.7% eicosenoic acid (C20:1? 11 & C20:1? 9), and 2.4% docosahexaenoic acid (C22:6? 3). Since moose and caribou either did not contain these fatty acids or contained considerably less, the evidence suggests the brown bear is feeding on king salmon. King salmon contain all of these fatty acids.

Further Studies

The moose and caribou fatty acid profiles contained mainly saturated and monounsaturated fatty acids; this reflects a terrestrial diet. King salmon fatty acid profiles contained mainly monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fatty acids, and this reflects a marine diet. The brown bear fatty acid profiles showed evidence of a diet composed of king salmon, mammals, and terrestrial plants. Not only further detailed studies of these mammals and fish fatty acid profiles are needed, but also detailed fatty acid profiles of terrestrial plants that are consumed by these mammals need to be investigated. The predation of moose, caribou, and king salmon by brown bear may be better determined once the fatty acid profiles for dietary factors are established and determined.

Further control on data collecting needs to be emphasized. Hunters donated the brown bear, caribou, and moose samples of various muscle and adipose tissues. No documentation of how the samples were handled, or the location of the animal where the sample were taken is available. The samples were also collected throughout the winter. The environmental factors in the Nelchina area are extreme, with temperatures reaching -30°C. The mammal samples were collected when the animals were likely in the poorest health because food would have been scarce. Many times the food accessibility exceeds the availability or the requirements to seek food. Environmental stresses such as temperature and availability of food affect the fatty acid composition.

Fatty acid composition is dependent on environment, stress, complex metabolic processes, and diet (Käkelä & Hyvärinen, 1996). Metabolic processes may change during times of starvation. Seasonal factors may cause stimulation of metabolic processes to synthesize polyunsaturated fatty acids. These would be incorporated into the muscle, and adipose tissues increased fluidity of the lipid membrane would result. Detailed studies of each dependency is needed to completely understand how fatty acids are incorporated into adipose and muscle tissues.

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The Ordinary Sins of Rubicon K. Jones

Domonique Calhoun

Character: Rubicon K. Jones — A rough woman of undetermined age.

The Setting:

The inside of a prison cell. Bars on the sides and back enclose the cell, but the front is open to the audience. There is a metal bunk bed against one wall and a sink and toilet against another. Pictures of birds and children are taped against the walls.

(Rubicon K. Jones dressed in an orange T-shirt and faded blue jeans leans against the wall in front of the beds reading a book on birds. She tosses the book on the top bunk and looks at the audience.)

Rubicon: OK, so today's Visitor's Day, and I've got visitors. Or at least, I know I'll have visitors. They always come . . . him and the kid. So, does that mean I'm supposed to be happy, put on a little halo and smile? I'm not like the rest of these idiots. Why the hell should I be excited? I always refuse to see them anyway . . . Visitor's Day. I thought this was prison. You know, throwing away the key and leaving us here to rot and be forgotten. But not me. Just my fucking luck. I've got people who care about my soul. (Laughs.)

(Runs her fingers across several of the photos and the pictures on the

wall. Pulls a picture of an Emperor Penguin off the wall and carefully studies it.)

Rubicon: The birds all belong to me. I like the penguins and the ostriches. They're different. They can't fly. I wonder if they wish they could. If they look up at the sky every now and then, flap their wings, and say, 'Why aren't I up there?' ... Now that is truly tragic.

(She puts the picture back on the wall. Then she takes the picture of a child off the wall. She studies it, grimaces, folds it into a paper airplane, and sends it flying into the toilet.)

Rubicon: The pictures of the kids all belong to Cookie. She's got so many, I'm not sure how she has the time to have them in between her stops here or other places. And why the hell does she keep those kids? Her mama has most of them. A foster couple has the rest. And every Visitor's Day, most of those kids are dragged here to visit Cookie. They probably think it's normal for your mama to be locked up.

(Shakes her head furiously. Walks toward the center of the cell.)

Rubicon: It's best to forget about people when they say they have feelings for you. 'Feelings.' I hate that word. (Shudders.) Besides, it usually means they want to save you. Deliver you to God so they can get to Heaven. It's all very selfish and self-serving. Why should I help them?

(Walks over to the toilet, sits with one leg sprawled out and one knee up to her chin.)

Rubicon: See, I've got it all planned. Most people are in here because they've broken some of those ten rules, those Commandments. In my case, I've broken quite a few. Big deal. These are the ordinary sins. The ordinary sins of Rubicon K. Jones. The kind of rules God expects me to break, so I won't worry about it. I'll die sooner or later, get up to the Pearly Gates and tell God this is how it was, this is how it went, please forgive me, and now can I get my harp and my little gold wings.

(Stand on the lid of the toilet, grabs a bar on the side, and hangs there

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for a moment.)

Rubicon: I know it's not easy to forget about people, especially when they keep trying to muscle into your life like they belong to the Mob or something. But, it's for their own good and your own sanity to keep them away.

(Jumps down and walks over to the bunk beds. She lifts up the edge of the top mattress and pulls out a large bundle of envelopes.)

Rubicon: He's always sending me this crap, decorated with birds he draws himself, and I keep it. It's a weakness. I can't just throw it away. But notice. (Holds up an envelope towards the audience.) Notice, they're not open. I won't open them. That would just lead to no good.

(Picks out one particular envelope and set the others on the top bunk.)

Rubicon: This one, this one is different. There are pictures in here. I'm sure it's of the two of them. Him and her, smiling, wanting me to come and join their happy little life. It's enough to make me sick. I learned from my daddy, one in a long line of Rubicon K. Jones, that it's not worth it. It only causes trouble.

(Holds the envelope towards the light as if to see inside it.)

Rubicon: I do wonder at times what she looks like and who she is. Does she look like me? Does she act like me?

(Slides the envelope in her back pocket and walks towards the audience.)

Rubicon: All right, I admit it. I'm guilty. It's my own mess. But he was shy and cute in a geeky kind of way. A nice guy. I didn't think those existed. But there he was drinking a 7-Up and not knowing the first thing about looking cool and not even trying to fake it. He works with computer chips. A real smart guy.

(Arches a brow and rubs her bottom lip in reflection. Then stretches out her arms.)

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Rubicon: But you would have thought he would have got a clue when I left him at the hospital holding the bill and the baby. And then that idiot, what did he do? He named her after me. He did not think of Jennifer, or Grace, or Penelope, but Rubicon K. Jones. So, I wrote him a letter and told him, demanded, that he never call her Ruby. Call her Rubicon or call her Con. My mama always preferred Con, said it fit me well.

(Walks to the very edge of the stage and glares at the audience.)

Rubicon: But Ruby, that name won't ever do. Let me tell you a story about Ruby. She is a waitress who's been working twenty years at the same roadside dump. Her voice is gravelly because she smokes two packs a day. She has a hack cough and her back always hurts. She used to go home with different truckers or men from her dying town, but now only a toothless old man, named Charlie, with bad breath and a small pension makes half-hearted attempts to get her.

(Rubicon suddenly drops into a sitting position on the edge of the stage.)

Rubicon: Ruby stares out the dusty windows of the diner and thinks how easy it would have been to just hitch a ride or even walk right out of town and never look back. As a young girl she makes plans to do it each week, but the following week something always comes up. A party. A pregnancy.

(Rubicon becomes silent. She shades her eyes with her hand. Then she jumps off the stage.)

Rubicon: What the hell are you looking at, little man? Do you find something funny about my story? Ruby? The pregnancy?

(Puts her hands on her waist. Then she walks towards the front row. She cups her hands around her lips. There is the sound of footsteps. A door slams shut behind the audience.)

Rubicon: That's right, run away. Who knows what I'll do to you. What

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I might take ... Goddamn visitor. You don't belong here anyway.

(Leans against the aisle seat of the first row.)

Rubicon: He's just lucky he was near the back. He probably didn't have anything I wanted anyway. A bum dresses better.

(She studies the person sitting in the seat. If no one is in that particular seat, she studies the person nearest to her.)

Rubicon: That's a very nice watch you have there. You must be new money. I can always spot new money ... If I really wanted that watch, I might just crush those little bones in your fingers. Or, maybe, I'd just save myself the trouble and cut off your hand.

(Makes an exaggerated chopping motion. She notices someone else.)

Rubicon: That's a nice coat you got. Very pristine. The coloring is just right. Although, the cut is out of date. Still, I could get a few bucks for it. You don't look like the type that would put up a fight. Ever thought about self-defense lessons?

(Moves to another person.)

Rubicon: You know, you look like the type that likes antiques. Victorian furniture. I can see myself now. One day, while your better half is out screwing someone half your age, the kids are at school, and you're at a shrink's, I could just pull a moving van right up to your house and start loading up. Your neighbors, if they even bother to notice, will just think you're moving.

(Moves to the front of the audience and stands before them.)

Rubicon: Opportunity. There is opportunity everywhere in this world, unless you are a Ruby, which brings me back to my story. We left with Ruby Sr. pregnant. And now, well, now, we have Ruby Jr. And Ruby Jr. will never be Ruby Sr. And of course, Ruby Jr. does run away one chilly night in the fall. She gets a ride with a trucker named Mack who only

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wants a blowjob to take her all the way to California. Once there, she finds a market for a woman like her who looks good on a man's arm ... or a woman's. There are parties, vacations, and gifts. Then Ruby gets that haggard look. She hasn't saved her money. Steven, who has been paying the rent, is growing bored with her.

(Moves back toward the stage.)

Rubicon: Ruby Jr. takes a bus home. She goes to find her mama and imagines hugs and kisses and hot cherry pie, but her mama is dead of cancer. Ruby Jr. has nothing. She sits. She cries. The cook offers her a job as a waitress and tells her that there are cheap rooms for rent at Goodard's Room and Board. Ruby nods her head and stares out the same windows that Ruby Sr. did.

(Rubicon loudly claps her hands once and then rubs the palms together.)

Rubicon: So, you see, nobody ever calls me Ruby, not to my face. And I expect that nobody ever calls her Ruby to her face. If they do, I hope she knocks the shit out of them. I hope he's making her into a real woman and not some Betty Crocker knock-off. Maybe she'll want to be one of those people that studies birds. I thought about doing that, going to Anarctica to study the penguins.

(There is the sound of flushing toilets and running water. The water gets louder. Rubicon jumps on the stage and goes back to the toilet.)

Rubicon: Shit! There goes Darla again. She's always clogging up the toilets. She stuffs sheets or towels or entire toilet paper rolls down the jon and flushes repeatedly until all of the toilets start to overflow. It's easy. They're all connected. Sometimes, it's just like Noah's Flood. The cells on the bottom floor are ankle deep in water. Last time, I saw a shit float by with a tampon sail stuck in the middle of it.

(Water starts to bubble up in the toilet. She climbs onto the top bunk and stares down at the toilet.)

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Rubicon: They're going to need help cleaning up this mess. Everybody that doesn't have a visitor waiting is going to have to start cleaning ... I hate Visitor's Day.

(Slides the envelope with the picture out of her pocket, holds it up to the light as if trying to see the picture. Then for a moment it seems as if she will tear it up. Instead, she slips it back into her pocket. She reaches for the photo of the Emperor Penguin, furiously tears it up, and lets the pieces fall to the floor.)

Rubicon: Can somebody bring me a damn mop?

(Lights go dark.)

Social Psychology: Piecing it Together

Bonnie Selin

During the fall semester of 1999, I was actively involved with both Social Psychology and a directed study in painting. The type of testing and the study skills required for Social Psychology found me literally outlining text material chapter by chapter. Decades ago I had used the same study technique in preparation for New York State regent exams. Many years had passed since I had last needed to lean on that study habit. As an artist educator with an inherent inclination toward and comfort with the visual as a learning mode, I found great relief in separating chapter notes with illustrations in the form of collages. The collage materials came from images cut from discarded issues of *Time* and *Architectural Digest*, a sample set of acrylics sent from Golden, food wrappers, stickers, paper cutter, and photocopy scraps as well as an assortment of shoe polishes. The collages correspond in size to 2" by 3" note cards. From gessoed cardboard to finished collage, each illustration entailed nine to fourteen applications of the materials listed.

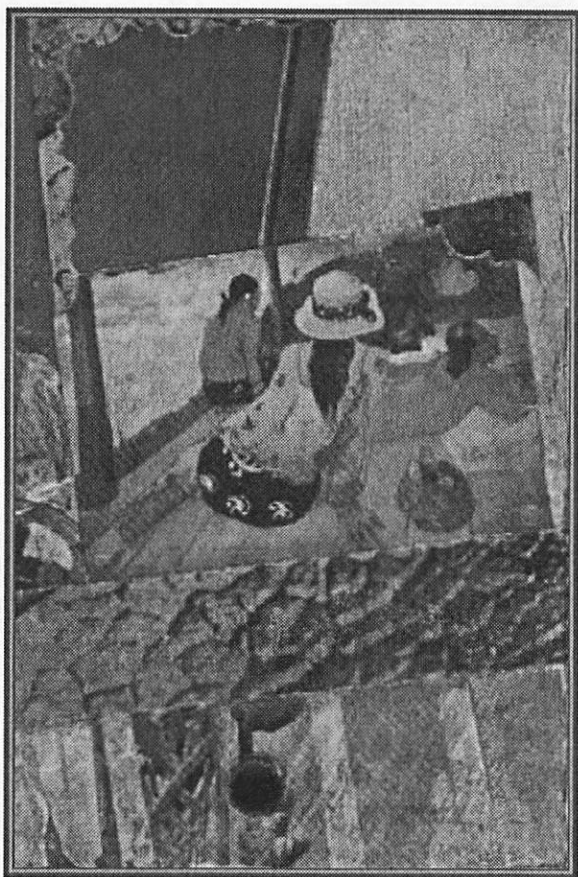
From the twenty-four collages shown in my UAA Student Showcase presentation, seven have been chosen for publication in this Journal on the basis of images with access to public domain. For me personally, the studies, collages, and Student Showcase have been a process indeed. This project was undertaken for the pure pleasure of illustrating academic concepts covered in social psychology in an art form. The concepts illustrated in the entire series includes communication, social status, cooperation, helping and reward exchange, inter-

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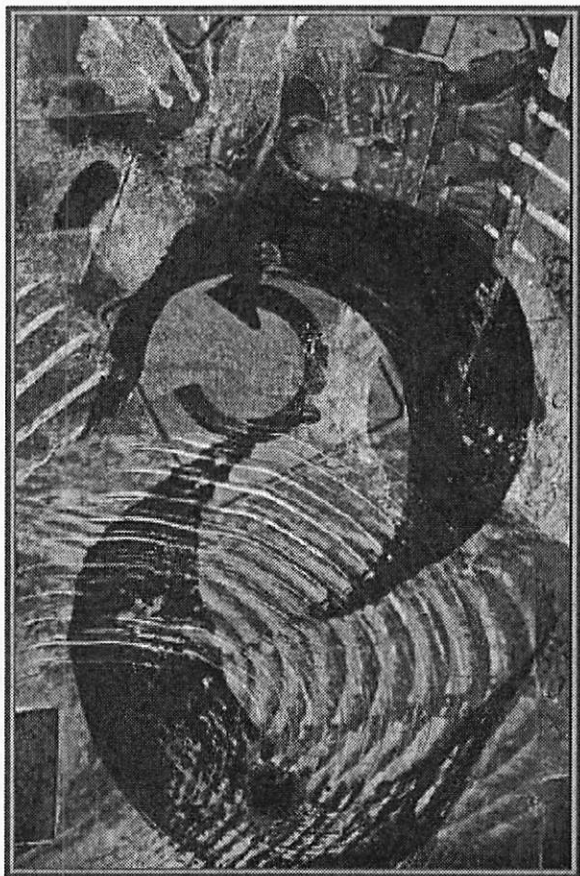
personal relationships, and aggression, to name a few.

The collages and notes were bound with single loose-leaf rings and embellished with an assortment of trinkets. My project was an interactive sculptural piece that paid tribute to an interdisciplinary and holistic way of thinking.

Heartfelt thanks go to Dr. Sharon Araji, UAA Sociology Professor, Kat Tomka, UAA Painting Instructor, and Mariano Gonzalez, UAA Art Professor.



Gauguin's *Siesta*



Signs



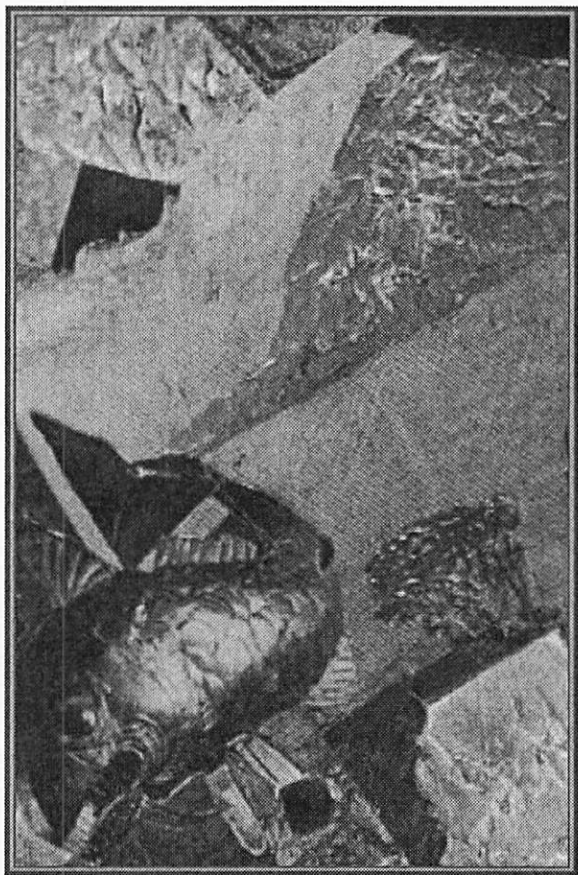
Homer's *Call to Dinner*



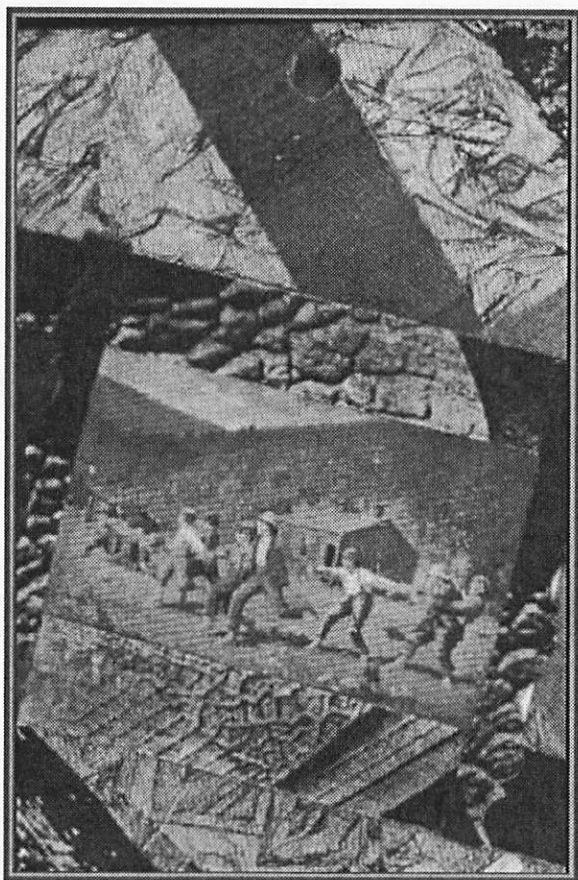
Golden Boy



Blue Collar



Coaction



Homer's *Snap the Whip*

Of Women, Of Dreams A Story of Two Lives

Cynthia Schraer

Анна

Спокойствие бледного рассвета было нарушено отчаянными криками старой гувернантки: «Аннушка, Аннушка, где ты? Твой отец очень взволнован. Пойди сюда сейчас же!» Услышав своё имя, печальная девушка вскочила со скамейки, на которой она сидела в саду. Думая: «Он пережил ночь! Он ещё жив!», она побежала в огромный дом, взбежала наверх по лестнице и ворвалась в комнату отца. Он лежал на кровати, как будто мёртвый, бледный, худой и ослабевший. Он посмотрел на дочь—стройная красавица с каштановыми волосами, как у матери, и глубокими чёрными глазами, полными слёз: «Анна, я хочу дать тебе что-то важное,—шепнул он. Остановившись, чтобы передохнуть, он продолжил: «Я дам тебе дневник твоей матери. Это всё, что я могу дать тебе от неё.» Дрожащей рукой он поднял тетрадь со стола. Видя его слабость, Анна подошла к нему и взяла старый дневник; ей казалось, что на переплёте было видно пятно воды. «Этот дневник был с ней, когда она умерла,—продолжал отец,—люди, которые нашли её тело, дали мне эту тетрадь.» Он снова замолчал. Слабо улыбаясь, он сказал: «Из меня ушла вся сила, но я хочу сказать две вещи: во первых, когда ты будешь читать дневник, помни, что я очень любил твою мать. Я не страстный человек и не выражаю открыто своих чувств, поэтому я не мог показать свою любовь. Я очень сожалел об этом.» Он помолчал, чтобы собрать свои силы, и продолжал: «Самое важное, я хочу, чтобы ты знала, что ты управляешь своей судьбой. Твоя мать умерла потому, что ей всю жизнь казалось, что она должна была смириться с волей

других людей. Не повторяй судьбы твоей матери.» Его глаза закрылись, и он тут же заснул.

Анна сидела за письменным столом, перед ней лежал дневник. Её отец умер несколько недель назад, но она не могла заставить себя читать дневник. Сегодня любопытство преодолело страх; она открыла дневник. Увидев почерк матери, Анна вспомнила чувство тайны, которая всегда окружала её мать. Никто никогда не говорил с ней о матери, и когда она спрашивала о ней, все молчали. Когда Анна была ребёнком, её бабушка рассказывала ей несколько коротких историй о приключениях в детстве Кати, её матери. Анна поняла, что её мать была двоюродной сестрой их гувернантки Веры, и что её семья была небогатой, но уважаемой; она узнала, что мать замёрзла, когда она гуляла одна в лесу. Когда Анне было пять лет, она однажды поссорилась со своей старшей сестрой Надеждой, дочерью её отца и его первой жены, которая умерла. Надежда сердито кричала: «По крайней мере, моя мама любила меня! Она не бросила меня!» Звук в дверях доложил о появлении Веры, которая взглянула неодобрительно на Надежду. Сестра внезапно замолчала и больше никогда не говорила о матери Анны. Это было двенадцать лет назад; Анна поняла, что говорить о матери был запрещено.

Сейчас, сидя с ключом от тайны перед ней, Анна не решалась читать дневник, боясь того, что она узнает. Но она начала читать и скоро полностью погрузилась в рассказ. Она читала слова девушки, которая жаждала свободы, но в то же время чувствовала себя ответственной перед дочерью, мужем, и родителями. Потрясение охватило душу Анны, когда она прочитала: «Господи, прости и помилуй, меня—мой муж не любит меня, а я люблю не мужа, а его брата. Что мне делать? Я не могу бросить дорогую дочь, не могу обесчестить мужа и семью. Я как жалкое животное, пойманное в ловушку. Подавленность гложет мою душу; я люблю дочь, но какая я мать, с мёртвой душой?» Теперь Анна узнала правду—что её мать сбежала с Володи, дядей Анны. Последняя запись в дневнике гласила: «Мы сейчас на станции—смотритель пьяный, лошадей нет; но мы полны радости! Следующий городок всего в двадцати пяти верстах, и мы можем дойти туда пешком. Мы сильны, полны энергии и надежды.» Заплаканными глазами Анна смотрела на пятно воды на странице дневника и представила леденящий ветер и снег, покрывающий Катю и Володю, и потом проникающий и в одежду, и в дневник. Она поняла, что все, кроме неё, знали об этом, её сестра знала даже в детстве. Но им было стыдно сказать ей правду.

История матери сдвинула душу Анны, как землетрясение сдвигает горы. Она чувствовала себя потерянной. Анна жила довольно беззаботно всю свою жизнь в ловушке, чтобы убежать из которой, её мать пожертвовала своей жизнью. Она задумалась над тем, что имел в виду отец, когда он сказал: «Не повторяй судьбы твоей матери!» Анна чувствовала себя совсем одинокой в этом мире; её молодые подруги не смогли бы понять воздействия этой истории на неё. Но ей захотелось отвести душу. Она знала только одного человека, с которым можно было поговорить об этом. Она позвала его, это был папин друг, Георгий Николаевич П***. Он был учителем литературы и музыки в здешней школе; хотя у него была огненная душа, и он страстно любил свою работу, но в нём жила какая-то глубоко затаённая печаль. У него не было семьи, и он часто ходил в гости к семье Анны.

Они встретились в маленьком, уютном ресторане, и Анна рассказала ему всё. Георгий был невысокого роста, его волосы начинали седеть; он не был красивым, но был полон жизни, его голубые глаза сверкали, он сиял энергией и уверенностью в себе. Его доброта принесла утешение Анне, и она решила спросить его о последних словах отца: «Я думаю, что он говорил не только вообще, но имел в виду какое-то решение, которое я должна принять. Но он был так слаб, что я не хотела затруднять его вопросами.» Погрузившись в мысли, Георгий замолчал. Он нервно стучал пальцами по столу—Анна всё ждала, и ждала, и беспокоилась. В конце концов он сказал: «Анна, я должен сказать тебе о чём-то, что знал только твой отец. Я влюбился в тебя год назад. Я не хочу быть в тягость тебе, но ты спросила меня, и я должен быть честен перед тобой. Я знаю, что я не могу предполагать, что семнадцатилетняя девушка может полюбить пятидесятилетнего мужчину. Я полагаю, что об этом упомянул твой отец. Пожалуйста, прости меня, а потом забудь об этом.» Так второе землетрясение сдвинуло душу Анны.

Анна простила его, но не забыла об этом. Она вспомнила, что когда она была ребёнком, она часто скрывалась в тёмном зале и слушала, как Георгий, думая, что он один, страстно играл на рояле. Анна также вспомнила, что много раз они с отцом и Георгием весело разговаривали о литературе, политике и искусстве; Георгий часто замечал, что она достигла необыкновенной мудрости в молодости. Она поняла, что давно любила его, но любовь всегда очень сложна, и ей было ещё неясно, как именно она любила его. Она часто встречалась с ним, и они хорошо проводили время вместе. Они ходили на концерты, ездили по деревне, чтобы смотреть на цвета осени, играли друг для друга на рояле и

разговаривали обо всём. Она говорила ему о своём возрастающем недовольстве жизнью; ей казалось, что общество было очень несправедливо, и она, представитель богатого класса, принимала участие в угнетении бедных людей. Георгий, имея и мудрость зрелости, и доброе сердце, понимал всё и преклонялся перед ней.

Но однажды старая гувернантка Вера выразила чувство всей семьи: «Ты знаешь, что мы не одобряем твоих отношений с Георгием. Честно говоря, это отвратительно—пятидесятилетний мужчина и семнадцатилетняя девушка! Мы волнуемся за тебя. Все знают, что ты и Надежда единственные наследницы; вы владеете деньгами, землёй, роскошным домом, а у него почти ничего нет. Ты должна понимать, что наши крестьяне—твоя ответственность.» Анна сказала в ответ: «У него высокое образование, он порядочный человек, он всю свою жизнь посвятил образованию молодых людей. Это важнее, чем деньги и земля. Вера, я знаю, что Вы любите меня. Пожалуйста, выслушайте меня. Это вопрос не только о девушке и старом мужчине. Перед тем, как я прочитала дневник мамы, я счастливо жила здесь, не зная как пуста жизнь женщин в нашем обществе. Когда я ездила по нашему поместью с папой и видела работающих крестьян в деревнях и в полях, я думала, что жизнь несправедлива. Когда я была ребёнком, папа сказал мне, что скоро царь освободит их, и я спросила: «Почему?» Он ответил: «Потому что это их право. Они давно работают на земле, а мы получаем плоды их трудов.» В то время, я не поняла этого, но когда я прочитала дневник моей матери и говорила с Георгием о жизни, о политике и об истории, я поняла, что не могу жить только для себя. Я ещё не знаю, каков будет мой путь в жизни. Но я знаю, что папа был прав—наш мир, наш образ жизни несправедлив. Я не могу смириться с этим и тем самым увековечивать несправедливость. Я знаю также, что с Георгием мой ум и моя душа оживляются, он самый интересный человек в мире. Он живёт по своим идеалам. Как и мой отец, он мудрый, добрый, но есть разница между ними; в душе Георгия есть страсть. В его присутствии я загораюсь. Я не брошу его. Это всё.» Вера, видя тщетность этого спора, сдалась: «Упрямая девушка должна сама узнать реальность,»—подумала Вера.

Анна чувствовала неодобрение общества и семьи каждый день. Люди шептались за её спиной, слухи говорили с ней холодно. Но она могла бы бросить вызов миру, если была бы уверена в любви Георгия. Он относился к ней нежно и с уважением—его признания в любви и преданности были полны страсти. Но он до сих пор не сделал ей предложение. Конечно, она, молодая

девушка никогда не затрагивала эту тему. Она чувствовала, что их души были едины за исключением этой проблемы.

Однажды Анна получила загадочную весть от незнакомого мужчины. В записке было сказано только, что он хотел бы поговорить с ней о чём-то важном, и назначал встречу в том же ресторане, где она открыла свою душу Георгию несколько месяцев назад. Когда она встретила мужчину—стройного, высокого, и очень симпатичного, она поняла, что не встречалась с ним раньше, но что-то в его манере было знакомое. Он представил себя: «Меня зовут Павел Георгиевич П***...». Анна почувствовала, как ослабли её колени: «Вы родственник Георгию Петровичу П***?» Он ответил: «Да, конечно, он мой отец. Моя мать—его жена.»

Анна почувствовала себя в отчаянии; ей захотелось убежать. Но сдержавшись, она села за стол и терпеливо выслушала его историю. «Тридцать лет назад мои родители обвенчались. Но это был ужасный брак с самого начала. Когда мне было два года, моя мать убежала, взяв меня собой. Я никогда не знал своего отца; я думал, что он погиб. Недавно родственники моей матери сплетничали об отце; я услышал, что он влюблён в молодую, богатую, наивную красавицу. Я решил сам, что будет справедливо по отношению к Вам сказать, что мой отец женат. Вы уже знаете, что мои родители не видели друг друга двадцать семь лет. Моя мать—очень трудная женщина, порой даже жестокая. Но тем не менее, она жена Георгия, и ваш роман грешен.» Анна, хотя была потрясена этой новостью, овладела собой, поблагодарила его, встала и ушла. По пути домой она приняла решение, что она должна бросить Георгия. Она чувствовала, что больше никогда не будет верить никому. Она думала, что невозможно понять настоящих побуждений другого человека—власть?—деньги?—похоть?—эгоизм? Её разочарование распространилось в первую очередь на Георгия. Она тосковала по простой жизни, без сложностей, без страстей, без мечты, без моральных дилемм. Как и её мать, много лет назад, она решила убежать от всего.

Прошло несколько недель. Анна надеялась, что владелица пансиона не заметила, как белы и мягки были её руки, когда она подписывала бумагу на курорте на берегу Чёрного моря. Первый раз в жизни она соврала, говоря, что она сельская жительница, которой нужна работа. Владелица пансиона наняла её, и она скоро научилась мыть полы и работать официанткой. Она жила в помещении для служанок, подружилась со слугами, жила просто и

тихо. Но однажды вечером, когда она гуляла одна по берегу моря, её покой был нарушен. Она увидела Георгия, подходившего к ней. Анна пришла в ярость: «Как Вы нашли меня? Какое право у Вас следить за мной?» Он схватил её за руку, когда она старалась убежать от него: «Анна, я умоляю Вас, выслушайте меня. Вы слушали моего сына и Ваших родственников, дайте мне возможность объясниться.» Она хотела уйти, но он шёл рядом с ней; скрепя сердце, она стала его слушать. «Я женился на ней, когда она была в отчаянии... её семейная жизнь была ужасной...её отец был жестоким пьяницей, а мать была сумасшедшей. Ей было только восемнадцать лет, но бедность и болезни уже угрожали её жизни. Я очень любил её; она согласилась выйти замуж за меня. Через год родился наш сын; я любил больше всех на свете свою семью.

Мы жили в городке вблизи от поместья Вашего отца, мы познакомились с ним, когда несколько крестьянских детей были моими учениками. Ваш отец всегда покровительствовал грамотности крестьян. Но это отклонение от темы. Я думал, что у нас было семейное счастье, но скоро моя жена стала проявлять злобу ко мне; она говорила, что ненавидит меня, что я воспользовался её отчаянием. Она сказала, что никогда не любила меня, а потом она исчезла вместе с нашим сыном. Её родственники отказались говорить мне, куда она уехала. Я долго искал её напрасно; через несколько лет я оставил надежду её найти. Моё сердце было разбито и душа мертва. В это время Ваш отец подружился со мной и убедил меня, что жизнь продолжается. Потом я принял решение посвятить себя только моим студентам. Я переехал в городок, где живёт Ваша семья. Когда мне показалось, что Вы полюбили меня, я опять старался найти жену, чтобы развестись с ней и сделать Вам предложение. Но опять моя попытка была тщетной. После того, как мой сын встретил Вас, он нашёл меня, выслушал мою историю и сжалился надо мной. Он убедил свою мать развестись со мной. Вот доказательство моего развода.» Он достал из кармана мятую бумагу. «Пожалуйста, простите меня. Если Вы хотите, чтобы я ушёл, только скажите, и я уйду от Вас тотчас же.»

Она повернулась к нему: «Георгий, я не знаю, чего я хочу. До того, как я узнала, что Вы обманули меня, я верила, что мы понимаем друг друга, и что мы могли бы жить вместе в своём идеальном мире. Но когда я услышала то, что Ваш сын рассказал мне, мой взгляд изменился. Для меня Вы стали частью общества, которое эксплуатирует других людей для своих удовольствий. Мне не нужны были Вы, мне не нужен был никто. Я решила убежать и

просто жить, в простом обществе рабочих, но я должна признаться, что я скучаю без музыки, без культуры, без глубокой дружбы. Почему вы разрушили все? Почему вы не сказали мне, что Вы были женаты?» Георгий ответил: «Потому что я боялся потерять Вас. Вы знаете, какую боль я пережил, когда потерял жену и сына; я подавил эту боль только тогда, когда я убил свою душу. Почти двадцать семь лет я жил, как мёртвый человек, но я не знал этого до того, как я влюбился в Вас. Я не мог бы вернуться к этому жалкому существованию.» Сердце Анны немножко смягчилось: «Я думала, что я всегда буду ненавидеть тебя; но может быть я ещё люблю тебя—я не знаю...»

Георгий продолжал жить поблизости от курорта; в этом солнечном раю любовь Анны постепенно оживала, но её недоверие не исчезало. Однажды вечером, когда они гуляли по побережью, она сказала ему: «Георгий, сейчас ты должен узнать кое-что обо мне. Если ты женишься на мне, ты женишься не на богатой наследнице, а на служанке. Я отказалась от наследства в пользу сестры. Я поняла, что богатый человек никогда не знает, кто любит его, а кто любит его деньги. Как ты сказал—вот доказательство.» Она достала мятую бумагу из кармана: «Теперь решай—любишь ли ты меня?» Он смотрел на её печальное лицо в золотом свете заходящего солнца. Никогда он не видел такой красавицы. «Во всём мире, я люблю только тебя»—сказал он, улыбаясь. «Мне хочется сказать словами Пушкина»:

«Я помню чудное мгновенье:

Передо мной явилась ты,
Как мимолетное виденье,
Как гений чистой красоты.

В томленьях грусти безнадежной,
В тревогах шумной суеты,
Звучал мне долго голос нежный
И снились милые черты.

Шли годы. Бурь порыв мятежный
Рассеял прежние мечты,
И я забыл твой голос нежный,
Твои небесные черты.

В глуши, во мраке заточенья
Тянулись тихо дни мои
Без божества, без вдохновенья,
Без слез, без жизни, без любви.

Душе настало пробужденье:
И вот опять явилась ты,
Как мимолетное виденье,
Как гений чистой красоты.

И сердце бьется в упоенье,
И для него воскресли вновь
И божество, и вдохновенье,
И жизнь, и слезы, и любовь.»

Анна и Георгий обвенчались в маленьком селе, где их никого не знал. Хотя семья Анны не одобряла их отношений, она хотела вернуться в реальность. Они возвратились домой, поселились в маленьком доме Георгия, в городке, где он много лет преподавал в школе. Сначала сплетни окружали их. Говорили: «Конечно, он женился на ней из-за денег—у неё их много, ты знаешь. Когда они переедут в её роскошный дом? А почему она вышла замуж за него? Какой старый распутник! Много ли времени пройдет до того, как мы увидим её с молодым самцом!» Анна, конечно, знала о сплетнях, в маленьком городке все знают обо всём и обо всех. Много раз она видела глаза, выглядывающие из-за занавесок и исчезающие внезапно, когда они проходили мимо домов соседей.

Но сплетницы были разочарованы. Каждый вечер Анна и Георгий гуляли под руку по городку, погружённые в разговоры. Даже сплетницы должны были признать, что Георгий был преданным мужем и чудесно учил детей, его уроки были весёлыми и вдохновляли детей. Когда у Анны и Георгия родилась дочь Антонина, названная в честь отца Анны, они часто ездили в гости к сестре Анны, но продолжали жить в своём маленьком доме. Пока Тоня росла, было заметно, что у неё была огненная душа, но она была благовоспитанной девочкой. Постепенно сплетницы повернули свой интерес в другом направлении, и маленькая семья жила счастливо и спокойно, несмотря на предсказания всех. Анна до некоторой степени достигла спокойствия совести. Она часто ездила в село, где жили её бывшие крестьяне, и преподавала чтение в школе, веря, что образование было ключом к будущей свободе.

Прошло лет двенадцать. Георгий старел, а Антонина росла горячее и вспыльчивой девочкой. Однажды Анна очень обеспокоилась, потому что Георгий заболел опасной сердечной болезнью. Она увидела вбегающую в дом Тоню, которая прятала

лицо в ладонях. Анна схватила девочку, и отведя руки от лица, увидела ужасную рану на лбу. Тоня расплакалась: «Это не моя вина! Я только защищала лошадь. Жестокий человек хлестал бедную, старую лошадь. Я приказала ему перестать. Я кричала:— Вы жестокий человек! У Вас нет сердца! Какое право Вы имеете мучить лошадь, существо Божье?—но он продолжал хлестать её. Я подбежала к лошади, чтобы её защитить—его хлыст ударил меня по лбу; это взбесило меня. Я закричала—Вы не человек, Вы даже не животное! Вы—сам Сатана!—Он совсем сошёл с ума от гнева. Он опять поднял хлыст, но толпа увела его.» Анна спросила: «Тоня, как ты можешь так вести себя сейчас? Ты же знаешь, твой папа умирает. Его сердце такое слабое, что он почти не может дышать. Ты знаешь, что я уже вне себя от печали и беспокойства.» Анна промыла рану, утешила девочку и отвела её в постель. Потом она подошла к Георгию, который лежал на кровати. Она обняла его и рассказала ему о том, что случилось с Тоней: «Георгий, я не знаю, что делать. Извини—я не хочу беспокоить тебя, но как мне воспитывать её? У неё в душе вся непокорность её бабушки и матери.» Георгий слабо засмеялся. «Поэтому, только её мама может понять её. Вспомни, какая ты сама была, когда ты бросила наследство и семью, а потом убежала. Прости её—всё-таки, она права. Этот человек был жестоким; кто-то должен защищать животных и людей, которые не могут защитить себя. Ты сама много раз так говорила. Жизнь—самый лучший учитель. Тоня сама научится сдерживать себя.» Он замолчал; Анна, утомленная до крайности, но утешенная словами мужа, задремала в последний раз в объятиях своего любимого Георгия.

Антонина

Вновь прибывшая заключённая почти заснула, как вдруг услышала постукивание по трубе рядом с её головой. Кто-то постукивал быстро; ей трудно было понять: «Меня зовут Ольга Николаевна Н***. Кто вы? Откуда Вас привезли? Какие новости у Вас есть?» Новая заключённая ответила: «Помедленнее! Я ещё новичок в этом тайном коде. К тому же, я изнурена. Я очень хочу спать.» «Извините, товарищ. Но мы жаждем новостей революции снаружи. Очень редко мы слышим слова, которым мы можем верить.» Медленно, новая заключённая отстучала свой ответ. «Меня зовут Антонина Георгиевна П***. Меня арестовали два месяца назад, во время демонстрации студентов в Петербурге. Они стараются заглушить революцию, конечно, но она продолжает жить. Демагоги не могут убить идеалы, как Вы, наверное, знаете.

Сколько лет Вы жили в тюрьме?» «Десять лет. Осталось ещё двадцать—мой срок тридцать лет.» «Мой срок двадцать лет. Ну что же. У нас довольно времени чтобы познакомиться. А сейчас дайте мне заснуть.» Но стук продолжался. «Моя камера находится под Вашей. Когда Вы захотите поговорить, постучите по трубе. Спокойной ночи.»

В последующие недели девушки подружились, много разговаривая о политике, философии общества, и деятельности революционеров. Оля рассказала Тоне свою историю: «Меня арестовали после убийства Царя Александра II, но я не согласна с насилием и убийством. Я верю в идеалы революционеров; я отказалась от личной жизни и посвятила всю энергию—и умственную, и физическую—революции. Мои родители—богатые помещики; поэтому я могла учиться в Цюрихе, стала фельдшером. Перед тем, как меня арестовали, я бесплатно лечила бедных и работала в подпольной типографии революционеров.» А Тоня по характеру была азартной и нетерпеливой. Она сказала Оле: «Я была молодой, когда царь был убит, но я хорошо знаю историю; я считаю, что «Народная Воля»—общество революционеров, которое убило царя, использовало насилие только в крайнем случае, после того, как он арестовал и казнил многих мирных реформаторов.» Связь между девушками осуществлялась по холодной металлической трубе; они никогда не видели друг друга, никогда не слышали голосов друг друга. Но несмотря на это, у них возникла большая дружба. Большинство заключённых, арестованных вместе с Олей, либо умерли, либо стали сумасшедшими; для неё дружба с Тоней была как новая жизнь.

Надзиратели привыкли к перестукиванию заключённых, но Оля и Тоня перестукивались непрерывно. Раздраженные надзиратели решили разделить девушек и посадить их в камеры далеко друг от друга. Слух распространился как пожар между заключёнными; когда особенно грубый надзиратель вошёл в камеру Тони, она была уже разгневанной. «Почему Вы думаете, что у Вас есть право разделить нас? Общение—это фундаментальное право народа.» Он сердито ответил: «Вы лишились всех ваших прав, когда убили царя.» Тоня продолжала гневно: «Дурак! Если бы Вы знали историю своей страны и своих заключённых, Вы знали бы, что «Чёрная Сотня»—организация, членом которой была Оля, была против убийства, а я была ребёнком в это время. Вы невежественный хам!» Тупой надзиратель мог ответить только насилием; он повалил Тонию на пол. Глухой звук удара каблука его

сапога по её голове был слышен даже в соседних камерах; для Тони мир исчез за занавеской чёрных звёзд.

Тоня пришла в себя в незнакомой камере. Сначала, она чувствовала только ужасную боль в голове; но постепенно женское лицо явилось перед ней. Эта женщина не была красавицей; на самом деле, она напоминала лошадь—крепкого сложения, с большими, тёмными глазами и заплетённой гривой чёрных волос. Но её прикосновение к голове Тони было нежным, и её спокойный голос облегчал Тонину боль. «Кто Вы? Где я?» спросила Тоня. «Я Ольга, твоя подруга,»—она ответила, дружески улыбаясь: «Два дня прошло с тех пор, как тебя били. Ты в карцере, куда сажают заключённых, которые сердят надзирателей. Но они боятся, потому что сейчас, в 1890-ых годах избивать заключённых недопустимо. Надзиратели не хотели вызывать врача, потому что он добрый человек, он сочувствует заключённым и доложил бы начальству. Поэтому, меня вызвали вместо врача.» Два раза в день приводили Олю к Тоне; постепенно Тоне стало лучше. Через месяц Оля принесла радостные новости. Она сказала: «Ходят слухи, что новый суд пересмотрел наши дела; он решил сослать нас в Сибирь.» Оля едва сдерживала радость. Но Тоня крикнула: «Ну и что! Ссылка в Сибирь лучше, чем жизнь в тюрьме? Ты сошла с ума!» «Тоня, я была в тюрьме десять лет. Мы сможем чувствовать теплоту солнца на лице, видеть деревья, слушать птиц...» Оля посмотрела украдкой на курящего в дверях надзирателя и шепотом продолжала: «У меня мечта—убежать.» «А что будет со мной—мне стало трудно ходить—что будет, если я не смогу идти в ногу с другими?» «Милая моя,»—сказала Оля: «я помогу тебе, я никогда не брошу тебя.» Лицо Оли оживилось от любви. Всё ей стало казаться возможным, если они смогли бы достичь хоть немного свободы.

По пути в ссылку им было трудно. Вместе ехали 250 человек, сначала на барже, потом на поезде; и, наконец, они шли пешком. С ними были разные люди—преступники в кандалах, политзаключённые и добровольцы—жёны и дети ссыльных. Каждое утро сторожа пересчитывали заключённых, укладывали больных в неудобные телеги, и в клубах пыли и под лязг цепей каторжники начинали ежедневный поход вёрст на тридцать. Ежедневно каждый ссыльный получал несколько грошей; они покупали чёрные сухари, яйца и молоко у крестьян, когда отдыхали днём. Ночью условия на этапах были ужасными; много грязных завшивевших людей спали вместе на досках. Но когда они шли через Западную Сибирь, была весна. Дорога вилась по полям

цветов; благоухали дикие розы, лютики, фиалки и цветущие вишни в облаках белых цветов.

Среди этих страданий и радостей дружба Тони и Оли росла. Однажды, когда они отдыхали и обедали рядом с искрящимся ручьём, Тоня грустно улыбнулась: «Моей маме понравилось бы это место—каждый день после смерти моего отца она ходила по лесу, мне казалось, что она всегда думала о нём и говорила с ним в раю. Он был старше её на 33 года, но она так любила его, что отказалась от наследства и вышла за него замуж, несмотря на возражения своей семьи. Она верила, что наше общество несправедливо; она преподавала бесплатно в сельской школе. Но моя мама была покорной, не понимала меня, когда я присоединилась к революционному движению. А её мать, моя бабушка была бунтаркой; пытаясь убежать в Америку с деверем, в которого была влюблена, она замёрзла. Я—единственный ребёнок; когда меня арестовали, сердце моей матери было разбито. Потом моё сердце было разбито, когда в тюрьме я услышала, что она умерла. Теперь я одна на свете.» Оля тихо слушала, а потом вспомнила о своей аристократической, богатой семье; она выросла в роскоши—изящный особняк, слуги и высшее образование в Швейцарии. Больше всего она скучала без своего младшего брата Сергея—он был самым умным, ловким и озорным мальчиком в мире. Она продолжала: «Моё сердце тоже было разбито дважды; когда я узнала, что могу встретиться с Сергеем только через 30 лет, и когда мой единственный роман окончился.» Оля замолчала, погружённая в размышления; Тоня не мешала её воспоминаниям.

Оля и Тоня подружились с несколькими «бродягами»—мужчинами, которые трудились в рудниках Сибири а потом убежали; некоторые из них убегали много раз. Бродяги рассказывали, что этапы, где заключённые спали, были обветшалые и предоставляли возможность побега; кроме того, сторожа часто напивались накануне дня отдыха и забывали пересчитать заключённых на следующее утро. Они говорили, что крестьяне сочувствовали заключённым и часто помогали им. Девушки начали готовиться к побегу; добровольцы у которых были голодные дети, охотно продавали скудную лишнюю одежду, чтобы купить больше еды. Девушки запасали купленные у крестьян сухари; каждую ночь они изучали особенности этапов. Однажды, Тоня заметила дыру в стене, где бревна, из которых этап был построен, были гнилые; старую доску, тоже гнилую прибили некрепко поверх дыры. К счастью, накануне дня отдыха, плотный туман покрыл деревню, а у сторожей была особенно весёлая

вечеринка. Когда все захрапели, девушки тихо толкнули гнилую доску в сторону, ускользнули из барака, поставили доску обратно и исчезли в лесу.

Они шли по лесу всю ночь. Утром переодевшись и закопав в землю тюремную одежду, они заснули. Они шли ночью, скрывались и спали днём—наконец, на третье утро, на заре, они подошли близко к деревне, храбро вышли из леса и пошли по дороге. Вскоре они увидели опрокинутую крестьянскую телегу—на земле лежал мальчик в луже крови. Оля бросилась к нему и остановила кровотечение. Потом девушки помогли крестьянской семье отвезти его домой и уложить в постель на печи в бедной маленькой избе. Родители мальчика, шестилетнего Родьки, надеясь на помощь Оли, предложили девушкам поселиться в сенном сарае.

Постепенно Тоня и Оля влились в жизнь деревни. Тоня дивилась тому, как быстро Оля научилась работать в поле и ухаживать за скотом. Она учила Тоню лечить больных, девушки работали вместе днём и ночью. Тоне казалось, что Оля почти без слов понимала мысли и чувства крестьян, особенно детей. Родька боготворил её. Когда он выздоровел, он следовал за ней повсюду. Но Тоне было очень трудно приспособиться к крестьянской жизни. У крестьянок рождалось слишком много нежеланных детей, которыми они пренебрегали. Младенцы лежали в грязных люльках и сосали тряпичные соски, сделанные бабушками, которые жевали хлеб, а потом заворачивали его в тряпку. Через несколько дней запах сосок был ужасным. Говорили, что мать одного младенца заспала его в кровати. Тоня сказала Оле: «Не говори мне, что это была случайность!» Но Оля ответила только: «Это иногда бывает.» Невеста становилась по существу собственностью семьи жениха; Оля сказала просто: «Это их нравы.» Пьяные часто били женщин; отец Родьки был хуже всех в деревне. Однажды, когда девушки работали на дворе перед домом Родьки, они услышали как Родька кричит от боли: «Папа, папа, не надо!»—через окно они увидели, как отец ударил мальчика. Тоня вспыхнула от гнева и закричала: «Оля, помоги!»—она ворвалась в дом, выхватила перепутанного до смерти ребёнка из-под кулаков пьяного отца и вынесла его из дома. Но Оля только застыла, как статуя посреди двора с выражением ужаса на лице.

Тоня владела собой до вечера. Но когда они с Олей сидели в сенном сарае, перед сном, гнев переполнил её: «Оля, я совсем не понимаю тебя.» Сверкающими глазами она смотрела на свою подругу: «Как ты могла стоять посреди двора, когда Родька

кричал? Как ты можешь утверждать, что ты революционерка, что ты хочешь справедливости для всех, когда ты боишься помочь одному беспомощному мальчику? Ты похожа на крестьян. Ты даже думаешь как они!» Оля поникла головой. «Ты права; мне стыдно. Уж лучше я скажу тебе правду. Я вижу, что я потеряла твоё уважение, твою любовь; у меня больше ничего не осталось. Я похожа на крестьянку, потому что на самом деле, я крестьянка.» Оля ждала реакции Тони. «Ты лгала мне? А твоя аристократическая семья? Твоя учёба в Швейцарии? Всё ложь?» «Нет. Это правда. Вот моя история.» Оля сделала глубокий вдох.

«Я родилась в бедной крестьянской семье, беднее, чем у Родьки. Мой отец умер от пьянства, когда я была маленькой; потом мама вышла замуж за другого пьяницу. Он был жестоким—он бил нас—детей, маму, животных. Когда мне исполнилось 11 лет, он стал насиловать меня. Каждый раз он грозил: «Если ты скажешь кому-нибудь, это будут твои последние слова. Я убью тебя.» Конечно, я верила ему; дети верят всему. Но в этой тяжёлой жизни у меня было одно наслаждение. Наша помещица была милая, добрая женщина; оба её ребёнка умерли от дифтерита. Она видела, как я трудилась в поле, как я страдала; она сочувствовала мне. Но самое важное—она учила меня читать. Как я любила заниматься! Но когда мне было 12 лет, я узнала, что я ждала ребёнка. Ты знаешь, дети крестьян знают всё о рождении и смерти—в деревне ничего не скрывается. Конечно, я была в ужасе. Помещица заметила моё огорчение, догадалась о причине. Она спросила, кто был отец ребёнка. Я давно научилась скрывать чувства; я сказала ей правду—спокойно, без слёз. Но она, обнимая меня, разразилась слезами. Через несколько минут, она овладела собой, говоря: «Слёзы не помогают, мы должны действовать. Вот мой план. Я скажу твоей семье, что моей сестре, которая живёт далеко отсюда, нужна помощь по дому. Я заплачу твоей семье изрядную сумму. Моя сестра добрая—ты можешь жить у неё до рождения ребёнка. После этого ты с ребёнком приедешь ко мне. Я удочерю вас, говоря всем, что вы сироты. Этот стыд не будет преследовать тебя.» Так и случилось—мой сын родился, помещица и её муж удочерили меня, усыновили его, и поныне Сергей верит, что я его сестра. Сейчас, Тоня, может быть, ты поняла—когда я услышала крик Родьки, я сама стала опять перепуганным ребёнком перед жестоким отчимом.»

Тоня спросила: «Почему ты не сказала мне раньше? Ты понимаешь меня—я не осудила бы тебя.» «Тоня, ты говоришь, что я понимаю тебя—но как мы можем действительно понять другого

человека? Вот причина. Ты знаешь, как я любила жениха; я думала, что я знала его. Без колебания, я всё сказала ему, думая, что он сочувствовал пострадавшим от бедности и угнетения. Но после этого, он стал относиться ко мне холодно; он признался, что сам себя не понимал. Разумом он не воспринял мою историю отрицательно, но в сердце—это было другое дело. Скоро, его любовь угасла, мы расстались. Таким образом, я узнала, что революционеры были правы—у нас личной жизни не существует. Но подружившись с тобой, я почувствовала, что наконец нашла душевную подругу. Я боялась, и не могла решиться пойти на риск. Но сейчас, мне всё равно; я понимаю, что задушевная дружба—иллюзия.» Тоня смотрела с удивлением на свою подругу—в свете свечи она увидела женщину, которая не боялась ни тюрьмы, ни мучений, ни даже смерти, но не могла пережить страха, что она потеряет любовь своей подруги. Гнев Тони сменился сочувствием, но привыкшая к спорам и непокорности, она не нашла слов для ответа. Она обняла свою подругу; стена между ними улетучилась и по крайней мере на миг единство душ не было иллюзией.

Оля и Тоня спокойно жили в деревне летом. Но когда северные ночи потемнели и цвета осени стали яркими, перед ними встало затруднение. Оля, считая, что перемены в обществе должны осуществляться самими людьми, приняла решение остаться в деревне, учить крестьян чтению и лечить больных. Но Тоня хотела вернуться в Петербург и возобновить революционную деятельность. Она резко ответила Оле: «Крестьяне жили в бедности и угнетении многие сотни лет. Только сильная встряска общества изменит их образ жизни.» Но, несмотря на конфликт, они согласились, что они обе стремились к осуществлению своей мечты.

Судьба решила их спор. Однажды Родька подошёл к девушкам, говоря шёпотом: «Вы знаете, что говорят? Что вы убежали из тюрьмы, что скоро полиция арестует вас. Не говорите никому, что я предупредил вас. Вы нравитесь здешним людям, но все боятся. Мы не знаем, что делать.» Тоня и Оля тоже не знали, что делать. Начиналась зима, было холодно; каждый день побег казался всё менее возможным. Но они собрали некоторые вещи—одежду, деньги, хлеб,—чтобы убежать внезапно, если будет нужно.

Однажды вечером, Родька ворвался в дом, крича: «Полиция! Бегите!» Девушки, схватив узелки, выбежали, надеясь добраться до ближайшей рощи, где можно скрыться во мраке. Они перебегали от избы к избе, слыша шаги и возгласы двух преследовавших их мужчин. Чтобы достичь рощи, надо было перейти через поле.

Только бросок в 300 метров отделял их от спасения. Схватив Тоню за руку, Оля бежала впереди; триста метров, двести, сто—они были почти у рощи, когда они слышали щелчок винтовки и глухой звук падающей рядом с ними пули. Оля повалила Тоню на землю и закрыла её своим телом. Внезапно Оля почувствовала тяжёлое онемение в груди; сердце её колотилось, её ум уплывал в какое-то мрачное, незнакомое место. Она старалась сосредоточиться, говоря шепотом: «Тоня, я ранена. Когда сможешь, ползи тихо в рощу.» Без слов Оля ощущала обычное сопротивление Тони—она поняла, что Тоня будет протестовать, не желая бросить свою подругу. Оля продолжала бормотать: «Тоня, один раз в жизни, не будь такой упрямой. Это мой последний подарок тебе—твоя жизнь, твоя свобода, чтобы осуществить наши мечты. Не отказывай мне.» «Ты думаешь, что я могу бросить мою единственную задушевную подругу, чтобы спасти себя?» Тоня продолжала протестовать, но скоро мать-земля, которая держала их как в люльке, пропиталась тёплой кровью Оли, и Тоня поняла, что её слова были тщетными—их слышал только ветер.

«Смотри! Я убил двух одним выстрелом!» кричал грубый мужчина. «Посмотрим, обе мёртвые?» спросил другой. Тоня услышала шаги подходивших мужчин. Она лежала совсем без движения под телом Оли, но её сердце так колотилось, что она была уверена, будто они могут слышать его. Мужчины грубо оттолкнули тело Оли в сторону. «Ты сомневаешься в моём меткости?» Он потрогал руку Тони. «Её рука замёрзла, она мёртвая. И я тоже почти замёрз; пошли. Мы можем подобрать тела завтра утром.» Звук шагов замер вдали.

Испуганная и убитая горем Тоня три дня скрывалась в лесу. Она засомневалась во всём, во что она раньше верила. Крестьяне жили в невежестве, бедности и угнетении многие сотни лет; что может изменить их жизнь? Не было смысла убивать царя Александра II—Александр III был ещё худшим тираном. Как бессмысленна была смерть её любимой Оли! Тоня тосковала только по теплу, безопасности и свободе от забот. Она услышала слова Пушкина: «Я пережил свои желанья, я разлюбил свои мечты. Остались мне одни страданья, плоды сердечной пустоты».

Вечером четвёртого дня пошёл первый снег. Хлеб кончился; Тоня дрожала от холода. В темноте она подошла к краю дороги и скоро заметила мужчину в проезжающей телеге. Телега проехала—через некоторое время опять проехала обратно—и в третий раз проехала. Тоня была в таком отчаянии, что преодолел

страх, вышла из леса и пошла по дороге. Скоро мужчина опять подъехал, остановился и спросил: «Куда Вы?» «В село N***», ответила она. «Я подвезу Вас, садитесь», сказал он. Она залезла в телегу и посмотрела на него; он был обыкновенным мужиком с тёмными волосами и окладистой бородой. Он хранил молчание, не спрашивая её ни о чём.

Скоро Тоня немного отдохнула; несмотря на беспокойство, она задремала. Внезапно поразительный звук разбудил её—она услышала постукивание. Мужик постукивал пальцами по телеге. Сначала, она думала, что это было только праздное постукивание скучающего мужика. Но когда она прислушалась, постепенно стук обрёл смысл: «Кто Вы? Вы одна из нас?»—очевидно, мужик знал тайный код политзаключённых. Тоня колебалась; а что, если это враг и она в западне? Но у неё не было выбора—она ответила постукиванием: «Меня зовут Антонина Георгиевна П***. Меня сослали, но я убежала. Мою подругу застрелили.» Первый раз в своей жизни Тоня призналась в своей беспомощности. «Я совсем одна, голодная, мне холодно, я прошу милосердия.» Нежным голосом он ободрил её: «Мы знаем. В этом районе много ссыльных и много людей, которые сочувствуют нам. Мы слышали, что случилось с вами; мы искали Вас и мы позаботимся о Вас. Что Вы хотите? Куда Вы хотите поехать?» Тоня не знала, чего она хотела—со слезами она рассказала ему всё. Она говорила о тюрьме, об Оле, об их жизни в деревне и её разочаровании; и это приносило ей некоторое облегчение. Добрый мужчина терпеливо объяснил, что она не должна решать сразу; она может остаться с его друзьями до того, как решит, что делать. Изнурённая, она сидела молча, как будто с мёртвой душой. Что её ждёт?

Постепенно, небо на востоке прояснилось и начало светлеть; красивая луна осветила мир. Тоня вспомнила историю последней ночи жизни её бабушки Кати, когда, борясь за свободу, она замёрзла. Она вспомнила также свою мать, которая работала учительницей, без платы, чтобы дети крестьян получали образование; но больше всего, она думала об Оле, которая принесла в жертву свою жизнь, чтобы Тоня и их мечты могли бы жить. Где-то в самом сердце, она услышала голос: «Никогда не уступай—ни своим сомнениям и страхам, ни своим врагам. Во имя нас самих, в честь бабушки, матери и Оли, и во славу нашей родины, ты добьёшься успеха!» Тоня решилась на дальнейшую борьбу, и маленькая телега поехала вперёд в лунную ночь.

Concerto No.1 in Eb Major by Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Freya Wardlaw-Bailey

I was intrigued to discover that Franz Liszt began composing his first piano concerto at about the same age I am now—not yet twenty.



It took twenty-five years and numerous revisions before audiences first heard it performed. Its premiere was given in 1855, with Liszt as soloist. The piece was nicknamed the "Triangle" Concerto because of the prominent role the triangle plays in the third movement. For my performance, I could not, of course, hire a whole orchestra, but the triangle part is mimicked in the highest notes of the Piano II part, played by Svetlana Velichko. My

favorite aspect of this concerto is the way the themes return again and again throughout the piece, always changing, but still keeping their character as they play with each other. Most piano concertos have three movements; this one has five, but they are played without pausing between. This makes a of one movement "fantasy" concerto. Liszt was a virtuoso as both a pianist and a composer, and in this piece he uses his talent of weaving together the piano and orchestra in a way that shows both his technical and expressive brilliance.



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